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Breaks the fine car pattern . . . and establishes a new one

If you've been waiting for a new luxury choice in motorcars—you should get better acquainted with the new Lincoln.

Clearly, this Lincoln breaks cleanly, and beautifully, with a lot of long-standing notions of what makes a fine car fine.

Unlike any other car you've known, Lincoln combines clean, *timeless* beauty with luxurious size and spaciousness. It is large without being ponderous . . . distinctive without being ostentatious.

It proves, too, that there is no reason why your new car should drive like a carbon copy of *last* year's model. The new Lincoln is an exciting car to drive

. . . with surprises in store for you all along the line.

So come in. Slide into the driver's seat. Turn the key, and touch the pedal. You will probably touch it a trace too hard if you are used to ordinary fine car engines—because this is no ordinary engine. It is 375 well-mannered horsepower. And for serene, restful silence—this is the only fine car with its body and frame in a single unit.

For reasons like these (there are many, many more) an hour in a Lincoln would be an experience for you. In fact, we predict it will change the pattern of your ideas about fine cars.

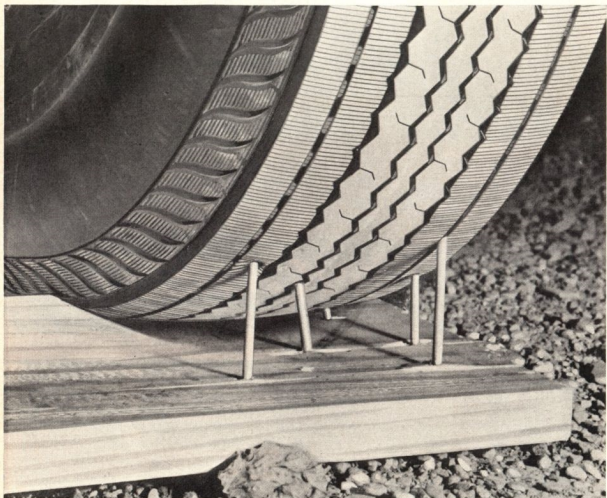
LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY



THE NEW LINCOLN

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NEW B.F. Goodrich NYLON LIFE-SAVER® Silvertown FIXES FLATS BEFORE THEY HAPPEN!



HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS if your LIFE-SAVER Silvertown runs over a nail. A patented gummy sealant closes instantly around the nail as it enters the tire body. When the nail is pulled out, sealant follows it into the hole—an air-tight repair job. You keep rolling!

B.F. Goodrich designed the new LIFE-SAVER Silvertown for the every-day, stop-and-go driver who hates to picture himself—or his wife—changing a flat.

If you're that kind of driver—if you


think driving should be fun—see your neighborhood B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer about a set of LIFE-SAVER Silvertowns—with bruise-resisting nylon. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Remember: there's only one LIFE-SAVER Silvertown—the Tubeless Tire that seals punctures permanently! *B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company.*



Smileage!

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CONQUEST IN

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Monsanto Chemical Co., St. Louis 24, Missouri

"CONQUEST," CBS-TV, SUN., MARCH 9. (CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION.)

*REG. U. S. TRADEMARKS

HOW THE BARBER GOT HIS NAME

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Fitzgerald-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



The barber in our native Kentucky county goes by the strange name of "Either-one."

"It happened sort of natchelly," he once told me. "Mammy allowed she'd name me Abraham. Pappy held out for Ulysses. They finally agreed to leave it to the preacher."

"Just name him either one," he said. And so they did!

There's somewhat the same mix-up in the name of Kentucky's specialty, Bourbon whiskey.

Blended with neutral spirits it is often mistakenly called for by many Eastern customers as "Rye." In other areas, the same mixture is frequently mis-named "Bourbon."

Name it "either one," and it's still neither Rye nor Bourbon.

Rye, any distiller will tell you, is a special whiskey type, made with at least 51 percent rye grain. Once widely popular, only a few true Ryes remain on the market today.

True Bourbon whiskey, on the other hand, is made with 51 percent or more corn, and is always bottled straight from the wood.

The specialty of our independent, family-owned distillery is one such straight bourbon, named a century ago for our first distiller, old John E. Fitzgerald.

To John's way of thinking there was no "either-one" choice in the method of making true, old fashioned sour mash bourbon. With him it was one way or none.

For more than three generations, we've been following Fitzgerald's one and only way.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered the staunch, satisfying flavor of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

**Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Made in U. S. A.**

LETTERS

The Disasters of War

Sir: After reading "The End" of Anne Frank [Feb. 17] and reminiscing on my own experiences in the camps of Auschwitz and Belsen, I don't think Germany will ever be able to wipe her hands clean.

PAULINE LANDSBERG
North Bergen, N.J.

Sir: Who will guarantee that the beasts who killed Anne Frank and millions of other innocents will not come back—or are all the living Germans of today "good Germans"? As one who did not have to wait to be sorted out for the ovens, but who was lucky enough to get to the U.S., I feel we have done too much to build up Germany. A Nazi killer instinct cannot be destroyed in one generation. It will take a thousand years to do it.

KARL STERNBERG
Belen, N. Mex.

Sir: Your article on Anne Frank is excellent. Let us remember to keep ahead of the Russians or they will certainly have us "lined-up."

LYDIA SIDERYS
Indianapolis

Sir: How can you give that big blow-up to Nazi Von Braun? Hadn't we better have more guided men and fewer guided missiles?

FANNY VENTADOUR
Winter Park, Fla.

Sir: I wonder if the enthusiasm that is presently being shown for Von Braun is shared by the fathers and mothers of those little English boys and girls who were killed by his V-2 rockets?

GEOFFREY H. BASS
East Hampton, N.Y.

Sir: If we have to lose a war with the Russians, you will probably find Von Braun living in a Moscow apartment making the cover of a leading Russian weekly magazine.

D. SMYTH
Chicago

Sir: My hat is really off to TIME for the recognition shown our Missileman Wernher von Braun. Every living American should

feel deeply indebted to this man for his never-ending effort toward guarding the security and well-being of our American way of life.

RAYMOND T. BAKER
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Cape Canaveral, Fla.

Sir: Your Feb. 17 account of France's atrocities in Tunisia reads like a report on the rape of Hungary by Russia. U.N. sanctions against France are vain to hope for, but the U.S. and other true democratic nations should not condone murder, even when committed by our so-called allies.

H. KRIGOLSON
Vancouver, B.C.

Sir: In World War II, France lost its honor. During the senseless bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, it is fast losing its soul.

FRANK J. CANNEY
Salinas, Calif.

Sir: I am glad that one of the leading magazines of the Western world does not find excuses for the disastrous politics of the present French government in North Africa. It is time that the U.S. cease supporting the frustrated politicians actually in power in France—politicians who are making a joke out of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*!

COMTE JACQUES A. DE VISME
New York City

Sir: I was deeply impressed by your article. A Frenchman myself, I have the same feelings as you about the killing of these poor innocent victims. But, to be fair, do you think that such horrible things can be easily avoided in a war and especially when planes are involved? During the last war my own town of Nantes was bombed several times by U.S. planes and thousands of women and children killed. And the first bombing occurred on a market day; victims were in the streets waving to these very planes that were on the way to kill them. No military target was hit.

A. RICHELIEUR
Mexico City

Sir: If there were some poor civilian victims of the bombing at Sakiet, how do they compare with the thousands killed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

PIERRE GUILLAUMERON
Paris

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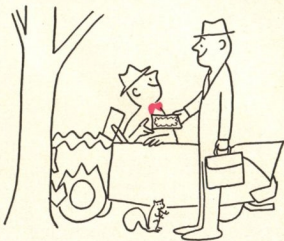
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A timid soul was Henry Lent—the meekest man in town,
But *now* his air of confidence has bathed him with renown.
How come this transformation—why is he so lion-hearted?
Since he insured through Travelers all his worries have departed.



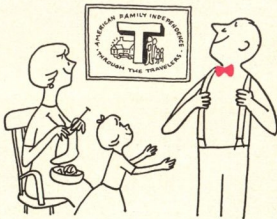
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"Why, even mishaps miles from home no longer make *me* nervous—
With Travelers agents everywhere all pledged to speedy service."
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That's only the beginning of the plan that guards the Lents.



3.

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Or take him in retirement years to London, Paris, Rome . . .
"My balanced, sure protection covers life, health, car and house—
That's why I'm fearless," Henry says, "a man and not a mouse."



4.

Tomorrow's clear of worry, so the Lents can *live* today;
American Family Independence—that's their happy way.
And *you* can live this life, all in a monthly payment plan
That fits your needs and income. Call your helpful Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

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Unlimited itineraries, calling at Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, thence round-the-Pacific or round-the-world. Fares as low as \$1,632.



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Matson Lines
The Oceanic Steamship Company

Fed Up?

Sir:

Blessings on thee, TIME, for your beautiful review of the exquisite *Pather Panchali* [Feb. 17]. When will these thick-skulled theater owners realize the cinemagoing public is fed to the teeth with limp-eyed, loose-lipped 42-22-34-67s.

Denver

MRS. ROY FLOYD

Sir:

Sincere thanks for your criticism of the art houses of Manhattan. The same is true of Chicago. I'd begun to think I had lost my appreciation of art because I find nothing intellectually stimulating or even entertaining about women prancing around that old sex box in their absolutely.

Chicago

MRS. JOSEPH R. GRUND

Helping Hands

Sir:

As a present and past officer of an Opti-mist Club and the husband of the president of an Opti-Mrs. Club, I wish to register my protest to the biased type of reporting you presented in your Feb. 17 story on Mrs. Dean. It would seem that tact, and the acceptance of a jury's verdict would be sufficient to indicate the innocence of the defendant in this situation. The Optimists and Opti-Mrs. do not lightly undertake their obligations to an individual or a group of children.

Dade County, Fla.

DR. BERNARD WEISS

Sir:

You print an article about how clubs banded together to subsidize legal clearance for a wife charged with drilling her husband, and yet you seem to have no idea of the ramifications. I propose a counter-fund to provide legal counsel for husbands who may themselves revert, in a fit of pique, to the matrimonial-jungle law of divorce-by-fire-arms. Let's get this thing rolling before the girls realize that they now can rid the house of a mate as quickly and economically as kitchen garbage.

Webb A.F.B., Texas

ALLEN R. ROBERTSON
Captain, U.S.A.F.

The President at Work

Sir:

Article after article berates the President for not campaigning ardently today. The presidency has grown in responsibility until it is almost beyond the physical strength of one man. Outcries against any relaxation for the President seem to me almost criminal.

Boulder, Colo.

ELIZABETH PRICHARD TURNER

Sir:

I can understand President Eisenhower's refusal to be alarmed over the economic recession. After all, he's still got his job.

Brooklyn

MELVIN PRINCE

Pike's Pique?

Sir:

Dean Pike's story may be "Pike's Peak" to you and others, but it's pique to many of us who hate to see elevated to an exemplary pinnacle a man who has failed in his first marriage and who, as bishop, will be the dispenser of the increasingly popular institution of annulment to those members of the clergy and laity who want to find a convenient

loophole through which to chuck their original spouses, so as to take on new ones that are more attractive or advantageous.

Berkeley, Calif.

J. H. FAWCETT

Sir:

What has happened to the thinking of the clerical and lay delegates of the Episcopal Church in electing Dean James A. Pike as their Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of California? Just from reading his life story in your Feb. 17 issue, I wonder how long he will believe in Protestantism—next step atheist.

Spring Lake, N.J.

BARBARA BROWN

Sir:

Judging by Dean Pike's conclusions that "how the viewer receives the experience [of seeing the movie *Baby Doll*] depends upon his intent," housekeeping is going to be a snap from here on out. If my intent isn't to see the dirt on the kitchen floor—well, it just isn't there.

Mission San Jose, Calif.

AGNES ALBRECHT

In the City of Brotherly Love

Sir:

Re your Feb. 24 article "Philadelphia's New Problem": We have consistently insisted that in the city of Philadelphia Negroes shall have the right to buy homes and live wherever they desire. It is true that this has had a tendency to hasten the flight to the suburbs of younger white couples. It is, therefore, essential, if the suburban communities refuse to do so voluntarily, that there be a state anti-discrimination law. Builders of housing developments should also be compelled by federal regulations to abolish discrimination and segregation in any development built with the aid of federal funds or mortgage guarantees.

Philadelphia

RICHARDSON DILWORTH
Mayor

Two Kinds of Motherhood

Sir:

I can't decide whether your Feb. 17 item was supposed to be facetious or not: artificial infirmation for spinsters! Aside from the fact that the very idea destroys the meaning of the word "family," can it be possible that Methodist Leader Donald Soper could possibly not know that a woman is called to two types of motherhood—spiritual as well as physical. I'm glad I'm not one of the sheep in this shepherd's fold; I would find frustration in his guidance.

New York City

SALLY O'KANE

Sir:

What's the older generation coming to? The will of God still predominates over the will of man, but Donald Soper seems to think that whatever Lola wants, Lola should get—regardless of the natural law.

St. Louis

DOROTHY DAVISON

Take That, Pot

Sir:

Shame on Reader Pat Brennan [Feb. 17] for comparing the accomplishments of Spellman, Sheen and Cushing with those of Dio, Anastasia and Luciano. However, may I point out to Pat that in both fields he mentioned—the Catholic Church and the underworld—Italians are at the top.

Los Angeles

ANDY DI MARCO



It's here! The tasty, lightning-fast Coffee-Break



OASIS Hot 'n Cold hits the spot with employees and the boss

Look! "Quick-as-a-wink" coffee-breaks on the job with an OASIS Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler. All it takes to brew your favorite instant beverage is a cup, spoon, and piping hot water from a convenient OASIS Hot 'n Cold which provides refreshing cold water, too. Pour instant beverage package contents into cup, add piping hot water, stir. Mmmmm . . . delicious. Try it. You'll agree there's no further need to go out or send out for coffee—*ever*.

Even *more* convenient is the new OASIS Beverage Center—Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler and attractive, color-matched Beverage Locker with storage

space for hundreds of instant beverages. Located close to work areas, OASIS Beverage Centers put coffee-breaks on a safe, sanitary, *efficient* basis. They actually cut time lost to coffee-breaks by 50%. Sometimes *more*.

Exciting Free Beverage Offer: From January 1 to March 31, everyone ordering a new OASIS Hot 'n Cold will get a money-saving BEVERAGE BONUS: 100 packaged beverages (individual service envelopes of instant coffee, chocolate, beef broth and chicken broth, plus Pream and sugar), 100 cups, 100 spoons; so **ACT NOW!** Send for your free beverage certificate entitling you to the beverages and the new, informative booklet: "How to cut coffee-break time in half."



OASIS HOT 'N COLD WATER COOLERS

and standard coolers in pressure
and bottle models

Sold everywhere . . . Rented in many areas

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1-G, Columbus 13, Ohio

Rush my free copy "How to cut coffee-break time in half,"
PLUS my FREE BEVERAGE CERTIFICATE to:

name _____

company _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

It's Fun to Phone!



A minute from now you can be having a happy time.

Just phone someone who means a lot to you.

True happiness is the kind you share.

And nothing helps you do that so easily as
your telephone. "It's fun to phone."

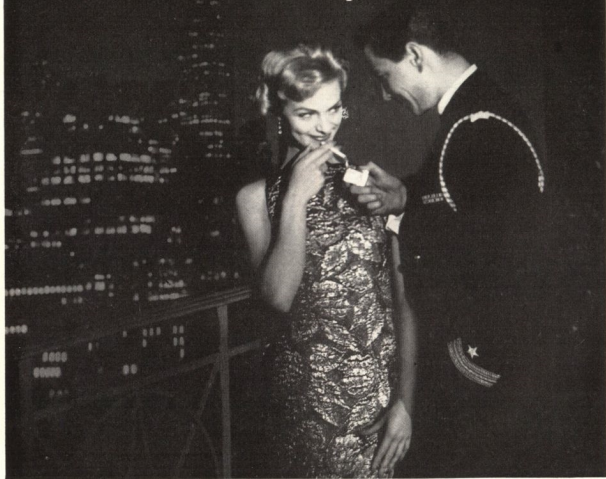
Bell Telephone System



9

*What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure . . .*

Edward Young



Expect to find in Benson & Hedges certain pleasures no other cigarette offers. Costlier tobaccos, luxurious in flavor. Unique filter of natural cellulose, cross-fibered for maximum filtration. Custom mouthpiece to recess the filter, so that only the flavor touches your lips.

BENSON & HEDGES • Regular and King Size



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Summit & Substance

The text of the latest message from the Kremlin, delivered to President Eisenhower and to the chiefs of other Western nations last week, set the world off on fresh speculation about a summit meeting. From Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko came an *aide-memoire* agreeing to a pre-summit conference of foreign ministers—a condition once insisted upon by the U.S. but since dropped (TIME, Feb. 24). This foreign ministers' conference, Gromyko added, should handle the housekeeping details of the summit, *i.e.*, time, place, agenda, and should be convened in April. Gromyko did not say whether the foreign ministers ought also to explore the prospects for agreement on points of substance—another U.S. condition—to find out whether a parley at the summit should be held at all.

What the Kremlin appeared to be driving for, even at the price of making procedural concessions, was a new series of parleys for propaganda's sake. In these, surface impressions of East-West cordiality, leaders photographed together smiling, exchanging toasts, etc., would cloak the absence of any real thaw of the cold war.

Already the U.S.S.R.'s gregarious new Ambassador to the U.S. Mikhail Menshikov, making his rounds of visits from the White House to Capitol Hill, was making headlines with meaningless proposals for a U.S.-U.S.S.R. friendship pact as a step toward "peace on our planet."

The U.S. intends to insist—at any foreign ministers' conference and beyond—that questions of substance be discussed and prospects of agreement thoroughly canvassed before any new impression of thaw is created. For example, the U.S., as the President told the U.S.S.R.'s Bulganin in January, wants to talk about: 1) reunification of Germany by free elections—agreed to by the U.S.S.R. at the parley at the summit in July 1955 but since ignored by the Russians; 2) the right of satellite peoples to choose their own form of government; 3) a package disarmament plan linking foolproof stoppage of nuclear tests to foolproof stoppage of nuclear production; 4) outer space for peaceful purposes.

Agreement to discuss these questions of substance with a view to making concessions would be a price for the Kremlin to pay—but it is for the Kremlin to decide whether it wants a parley at the summit badly enough in fact to make a real down payment.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Real Giveaway

What does the U.S. stand for in the world other than being the biggest military power and the richest country on earth? One thing it stands for is wrapped up in a well-worn term: "foreign aid." Since World War II the U.S. has helped other countries to revive their economies and backstop their military forces in the amount of \$40 billion. Not every dollar or even every million dollars of this has been wisely spent, but on the record the program stands as a unique effort in the history of nations of one country's using its power and its wealth to try to build up a prosperous, orderly free world.

Last week one of the most diverse citizens' groups ever assembled packed the Presidential Room of the Statler-Hilton in Washington to hear Harry Truman, at lunch, and Dwight Eisenhower, at dinner, kick off a bipartisan drive for a \$3.9 billion foreign aid appropriation. In charge was the President's special foreign aid salesman, Eric Johnston. On hand were labor leaders and dowagers, bishops and Hollywood entertainers, the Democrats' Lyndon Johnson, Adlai Stevenson and Dean Acheson, the Republicans' Dick



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & BIPARTISAN FRIENDS OF FOREIGN AID
Beyond the hoopla, a fine blend of practicality and idealism.

Phil Surchan

Nixon, Bill Knowland and Joe Martin. In the advance billing the program seemed to promise more hoopla than hope, but as it got rolling it proved a fine blend of practicality and idealism.

"Time for What?" Both notes were sounded by Truman: "I have heard that there are members of Congress who expect to do most of their economizing in the budget this year by voting to cut the funds for foreign economic aid . . . People will forgive us for spending too much in the search for peace; they will never forgive us for refusing to spend enough . . . We are planning to spend \$40 billion on defense next year . . . The only thing we can do with armaments is to buy time. Buy time for what? . . . The mutual security program is the cutting edge on the tool that gives some meaning and purpose to all our efforts for defense."

Both themes were also sounded by Dwight Eisenhower, who carefully ticked

proprations committees. But already the aid argument had an upbeat feeling sadly missing a year ago.

To a noticeably friendly House Foreign Affairs Committee, Secretary of State Dulles offered the opinion that the enemies of foreign aid are the real advocates of a "giveaway." If they had their way, said Dulles, by now the U.S. would have given away a dozen nations with hundreds of millions of people, access to essential resources, necessary bases and "worst of all, America's great spiritual heritage."

THE PRESIDENCY

The Succession Agreement

President Eisenhower's three major illnesses have confronted the U.S. with a black-and-white problem in an area where its Constitution is disturbingly grey: What happens when a President, by reason of physical disability, is unable to carry on?

eral line could be traced by past and present Administration attitudes.

President Eisenhower has long made clear his overall ideas. Said he in 1956: "Unless I felt absolutely up to the performance of the duties of the Presidency, the second that I didn't, I would no longer be there in the job." But the U.S. Constitution raises problems that the President, with the best of intentions, cannot necessarily solve alone. It provides (Article II, Section 1, Clause 6): "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and the Vice President . . ." Even during the Constitutional Convention, Delaware's Delegate John Dickinson raised a troublesome point: What is meant by "inability," and who is to be the judge of it?

Basic Question. The Eisenhower Administration has consistently taken the position that there should be a constitutional amendment providing that 1) the President, in writing, may declare himself disabled and delegate his powers to the Vice President, or 2) if the President should be unable to make such a declaration (because of severe illness, mental incapacity, or whatever), the Vice President—upon receiving written approval from a majority of the Cabinet—could pronounce the President disabled, and could take over. Any agreement between President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon would necessarily include some such provisions.

No sooner was the President's press conference over last week than there were noisy complaints from Congress, where Democratic leaders have argued that the problems of disability-succession should be solved, not by constitutional amendment, but by statute—preferably one which gives Congress a say in the decision about when a President is actually disabled. The Administration is almost certain to veto any such statute, mostly on grounds that the statute itself might be found unconstitutional, thereby invalidating the official acts of a Vice President exercising presidential powers. Yet in that very argument, the Administration raised an even more basic question: If a statute would probably be found unconstitutional, then how could a mere semi-private agreement between a President and a Vice President escape the possibility of invalidation by the Supreme Court?

Verdict: Recovered

Vacation-rested Dwight Eisenhower eased back into his White House routine last week only to find that the status of his health was still a lively topic of discussion. One of the first press-conference questions: Had cumulative illnesses forced him to reduce his work load by 25% (TIME, March 5)? Ike smiled at the question: "Well, I wish it were reduced, but—no, I don't think it has at all, and I never



Paul Schutzer—LIFE

STEVENSON & DULLES AT FOREIGN AID CONFERENCE
If do-gooding helps America, it does good.

off the so-called hardheaded reasons for foreign aid, e.g., the setback to Communist imperialism, the increase in U.S. military security, the improved U.S. economic position through expanding trade with aided countries. Then the President tore into the foes of foreign aid who would dismiss it with the contemptuous phrase that it is a do-gooders' scheme:

"If anyone wants to judge this program only on a 'what's-in-it-for-me' basis, he can find all the justification he needs. If others want to add another element, 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' I see no reason to apologize. I can see no great evidence of intelligence in sneering at do-gooders if their do-gooding helps America at the same time it helps our friends."

"Spiritual Heritage." The next few weeks would tell how much effect the demonstrations had on congressional ap-

Quietly, almost casually, in his press conference last week, the President gave his own precedent-breaking answer: he has made his own arrangements for Vice President Richard Nixon to take over in the event of his disability.

Between himself and the Vice President, said Dwight Eisenhower, there is "a rather unique state of mutual confidence and even liking and respect . . . There is such a clear understanding between Mr. Nixon and myself, an understanding to which others around me are completely privy, that it is inconceivable, that is, between him and me, that any misunderstanding could occur."

Troublesome Point. In fact, although he declined to answer the question directly at his news conference, the President had written a letter of instructions to Nixon. The details of the arrangement remained secret at week's end, but its gen-

—this is the first time I even heard such a suggestion." Asked also: When would he undergo a second and final post-stroke neurological checkup, already a month overdue? Ike smiled again, admitted that he had been wondering the same thing himself. "I think maybe I should check up," he said. At week's end, having checked, he went to Walter Reed Hospital to take care of the tests and also get rid of a split upper left molar.

He had been bothered lately by the tooth's roughness. Before the President went on vacation, White House Dentist Lieut. Colonel James Fairchild checked and found the molar split. It was not painful, but there was danger of infection. Fairchild's decision: extraction. As a precaution against excessive bleeding, Ike was taken off the anticoagulant he gets six times a week as a part of his heart therapy. Armed with X rays, Colonel Robert B. Shira, head of Walter Reed's oral-surgery section, yanked the tooth, sent him on his way in 15 minutes.

Molar gone, Ike moved along to the hospital's main building, and the same third-floor VIP suite where he recovered 21 months ago from ileitis. Next morning appeared three of the neurologists who were called in after his stroke—Georgetown's Dr. Francis M. Forster, Columbia's Dr. H. Houston Merritt, and Walter Reed's Lieut. Colonel Roy E. Clausen Jr. They ordered an electroencephalogram and electrocardiogram, spent 65 minutes studying the results and checking their patient. Verdict at tests' end: the President was completely recovered from the stroke; the defect in his speech had disappeared. Thereupon Walter Reed's most famed patient drove back to the White House, faced a load of work that was piling up between diplomatic summits and economic valleys.

THE ECONOMY

Silver Threads Among the Grey

The word "recession" was rapidly becoming one of the hardest-working polysyllables in the language. A Los Angeles coffee shop advertised 65¢ "recession specials" (salmon patties, veal cutlet), and



"HEY—I DON'T FEEL THAT BAD!"

President Eisenhower, at his midweek press conference, tied the "recession" tag to the economy for the first time since droop set in last autumn (and once even slipped into calling it a "depression"). Added the Labor Department: the total of laid-off workers drawing unemployment-compensation checks hit 3,130,200 in mid-February, a record 7.5% of the 42 million earners covered by the system.

Millions of families with incomes not nicked by the recession were gripped by a mood of tight-fisted caution. Liquor dealers reported a drastic switch from costlier to cheaper brands. Chain-store sales were briske than in booming early-1957 because many housewives were forgoing the comparative serenity of the corner delicatessen or grocery store and shopping in supermarkets to save pennies to put into savings accounts. In Chicago a young woman borrowed \$500 from a downtown bank at 4½% interest, offering as collateral her \$650 savings account drawing 2% interest. She just didn't want to dip into her savings. Commented a bank official: "This kind of thing is getting fairly common."

Five-Cent Coffee. But the nation's mood was wariness—not despair. Many a family was taking advantage of easier credit to buy or build the house that "tight money" kept out of reach during the 1957 boom. Federal Housing Administration loan applications during 1958's first eight weeks added up to 31,929, as against 18,662 in the same span of 1957.

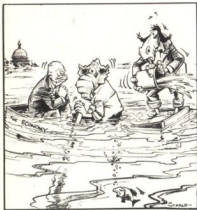
Another promising sign was the long overdue beginning of a down-creep in retail prices. General Electric Co. dropped "Fair Trade" pricefixing on small appliances, and rival manufacturers promptly followed along (see BUSINESS). That much-mourned casualty of inflation, the 5¢ cup of coffee, made a comeback in Los Angeles restaurants. The Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that its consumer price index crept upward again in January, but the increase was largely the result of Florida's disastrous winter, which sharply upped fruit and vegetable prices. And the index only faintly reflected the discounts, trade-in allowances and bargain

sales that have lately been trimming actual prices to consumers.

If U.S. labor unions would quit pushing for a new round of wage boosts while the economy is drooping, retail prices might well decline far enough to stir plenty of consumer interest. In Manhattan, where the end of "Fair Trade" pricefixing on appliances brought a hot price-cutting war, housewives showed a frantic, elbowing eagerness to spend money for toasters, irons, rotisseries, clock radios.

"Dime-a-Dance." Perhaps the best economic news of the week was evidence of basic agreement between responsible Republicans and Democrats in Washington. The agreement was hidden by a barrage of partisanship touched off by Harry Truman's blast at the Administration's stony-hearted attitude toward the recession. Republicans replied in kind, waving at Harry such red-flag terms as "dime-a-dance oratory" and "typical Truman claptrap." Even the President joined in the counterattack. "The economy of this country is a lot stronger than the spirit of those people that I see walling about it," he told the National Food Conference in Washington. Amid the flap, Capitol Hill's Joint Economic Committee quietly reported a bipartisan conclusion: if further easing of credit and "acceleration" of federal spending fail to end the recession, then "tax reduction will be in order"—but "such action is not now recommended."

This position on tax cuts was precisely the Administration stand as set forth from different platforms last week by President Eisenhower, Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson, Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell and Budget Director Percival F. Brundage. The Administration, they said in effect, will urge cuts if the economy fails to perk up as expected. The promise underlined an essential fact about the recession: while the U.S. Government cannot prevent downturns, it is inescapably committed to combat them, whether the President is a Republican or a Democrat. Because of this commitment, Vice President Nixon could say with considerable confidence of his own last week: "The American people can make their plans for 1958 with confidence rather than fear!"



"SIT DOWN—YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT!"



"CAN YOU KEEP IT UP 'TIL NOVEMBER?"



MAMIE'S COTTAGE AT ARIZONA MAINE CHANCE
Seeking health.

John Bryson—Life

THE FIRST LADY

Behind the Curtain

Tourists or newsmen who wandered close to Beautycon Elizabeth Arden's Arizona Maine Chance health-and-beauty farm last week were brusquely shoed away by grim-faced guards who sprang from behind cactus clumps. A total of 21 armed men—six Secret Service agents, six members of the Arizona highway patrol and nine Maricopa County sheriffs deputies—guarded the place around the clock, seven men to each eight-hour shift.

Behind the security curtain rested the most prestigious guest ever to adorn Arizona Maine Chance: the First Lady of the U.S. For Mamie Eisenhower's stay, the management had prettied up a seven-room cottage, coating the outside with white and blue paint and redecorating Mamie's bedroom in pink, her favorite color (Elizabeth Arden's, too).

Aboard the *Columbine III* with her, Mamie had brought a cook, her personal secretary, her maid, half a dozen Secret Service agents, her sister "Mike" (wife of retired Army Lieut. Colonel George Gordon Moore), and an old friend, Mrs. Ellis D. Slater (wife of the retired president of Frankfort Distillers Corp.). The management's delicate logistics problem was how to post secret Secret Service men so that they 1) could guard Mamie while she was in or near the swimming pool, but 2) could not see, or be seen, by pool-side women. It took considerable brow-furrowing to find a spot—behind an oleander hedge on a bank sloping down from the pool—where the guards would be with-in earshot but not eyeshot.

For the farm's ordinary guests, who pay \$400 to \$600 a week, it is early to bed and early to rise. On the breakfast tray, along with grapefruit and coffee, the guest finds a schedule card listing, half-hour by half-hour, her activities for the day, e.g.,

calisthenics, scalp massage, "intracellular masque," daily manicure and pedicure, a reducing ordeal that consists of being coated with hot wax and left to stew. In between treatments, she is firmly encouraged to drink down plenty of vegetable juices, "potassium broth," and a secret-formula "diet tea."

Was Mamie getting the full waxworks? The White House and the Arden empire clammed up tight. Indeed, an Arden executive in Manhattan, asked about Mamie's schedule, refused to admit that any such place as Arizona Maine Chance existed.

THE CONGRESS

The 5¢ Bargain

For years the Administration has been trying to raise the first-class-mail rate as part of its drive to end the postal deficit, which is running over \$650 million a year. Last week, thanks to unexpected party solidarity among the Republicans (only two G.O.P. defections, v. five party-line-crossing Democrats), the Senate voted 49 to 42 to raise the rate on in-town letters to 4¢, to raise out-of-town mail to 5¢.

But the vote was hardly a clear-cut victory for fiscal responsibility. For one thing, with a canny display of practical politicking, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield and his aides patrolled the Republican cloakroom right up to the count, displaying a list of post offices in members' states that might be rebuilt or modernized with \$175 million of the money the new rate would bring in.

For another, having made their show of getting the Post Office Department along toward paying its way in the world, the Republicans immediately afterward broke ranks in voting on another part of the same bill. The issue: a last-ditch amendment offered by Kansas' Senator Frank Carlson, ranking Republican on the Senate Post Office Committee, to limit a

postal pay raise to 8½% (v. 12½% in the bill and 6% recommended by the President). The limitation was snowed under 54 to 29 when 15 Republicans, many regular Eisenhower supporters, deserted to the Democrats. Net result: the ungainly bill lumbered toward a conference with the House with \$175 million of its expected \$732 million of added revenue pledged to building post offices, another \$330 million earmarked to raise the pay of letter carriers and clerks.

At week's end House Speaker Sam Rayburn predicted a fight in the House (which last session voted a 4¢ rate for all first-class mail) to knock out the fifth cent. Since the House is not likely to trim the spending, the cut would make the deficit even greater.

REPUBLICANS

Chance for Glory

In the current attempt of Midwestern Republican Congressmen to get Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson fired from his job, the G.O.P. is faced with 1) a scandal, 2) a dilemma, and 3) a challenge.

The scandal: the reigning farm price-support program that costs the U.S. nearly \$5 billion a year, while it makes worse the situation it pretends to cure, distorts the normal workings of agricultural economics, corrupts farmers, and shows in nearly every way that it is obsolete in the age of new farm technology (TIME, Aug. 19).

The dilemma: the fact that Ezra Benson, in campaigning for reforms that are the most tentative steps toward correcting the scandal (e.g., lowering minimum price supports from 75% of parity to 60%), has become such a convenient political target that Midwestern Republicans would like to dump him before election time. Two of the dump-Benson Congressmen, Nebraska's A. L. (for Arthur Lewis) Miller and Phil Weaver, had the gall to go



NEBRASKA'S MILLER AT WHITE HOUSE
Seeking an antidote.

United Press

to the President last week to attack a member of his Cabinet. They argued that Benson will lose the Republicans 20 to 25 House seats and five Midwestern governors. Face to face with the President, they did not quite have the nerve to demand Benson's resignation. But they suggested meaningfully that maybe if the anti-Benson heat got hot enough, Benson might resign of his own accord. They got a stony presidential look in return.

The President was already on record with a plain answer that was a forthright choice of moral right over political expediency. Asked about Benson's prospects at his press conference, Ike said: "He is honest in his great effort to find proper, reasonable, sensible programs. When we find a man of this dedication, this kind of courage, this kind of intellectual and personal honesty, we should say to ourselves, 'We just don't believe that America has come to the point where it wants to dispense with the services of that kind of a person.'"

The challenge: many a Republican Congressman admits privately what he would not dare say publicly, i.e., that Ezra Benson is indeed on the right track. If the Republicans really want to defend moral right over political expediency, they could take just such a campaign stand this fall. Perhaps, for so open and honest a pitch, they might lose congressional seats this year. But for the majority of U.S. taxpayers, both on farms and in the city, they would make it clear that the Democrats, and not the Republicans, are the party in favor of perpetrating the scandal.

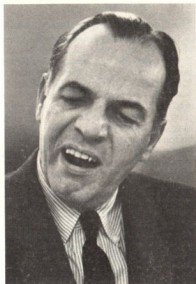
INVESTIGATIONS

"You Are to Be Pitied"

Federal Communications Commissioner Richard Alfred Mack glanced uneasily around at the members of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, licked his dry lips, and said: "I want to apologize that I may seem a little nervous this morning." Democrat Mack had plenty to be nervous about: he was accused of accepting money and other favors for his vote to grant Miami's Channel to television franchise to a National Airlines subsidiary. The House subcommittee let Mack read a 4,000-word statement, handled him gently for a while, then cuffed him sharply—and weak Richie Mack left the hearing room a badly shaken man.

Against Richie Mack, 48, were these undeniable facts:

¶ Since becoming a member of the seven-member FCC by appointment of President Eisenhower in 1955, he had borrowed at least \$2,650 from his longtime friend Miami Lawyer Thurman A. Whiteside, a big man-about-Florida. Whiteside, as a pompous, disputatious witness last week, admitted that he had been on National Airlines' side and had talked to Mack about the bitterly fought case. ¶ In 1953 Whiteside gave Mack, then a member of the Florida Railroad and Public Utilities Commission, a one-sixth interest in an insurance agency. Later,



COMMISSIONER MACK
Friend in need.

under the firm name Stembler-Shelden, it sold an insurance policy (premium: \$30,000) to the National Airlines' TV subsidiary. There were no written records of Mack's interest in the agency, said Whiteside. It was all done by "orally declared trust . . . We in the firm understood that when Mr. Mack's public-service career was finished that he would come into the firm." Between 1953 and the end of 1956 Mack's income from Stembler-Shelden was nearly \$10,000.

¶ In 1956 Whiteside gave Mack the outstanding stock in Andar Inc., a company that, as Whiteside described it, was "engaged in the business of borrowing money and loaning money as well as buying and selling personal property." Mack's profits from Andar: \$4,350.

"Strongly Recommended." Before his term in Washington, Richie Mack had kicked around Florida all his life, working as an insurance salesman and a credit manager, was secretary and general manager of the Port Everglades Rock Co. at Fort Lauderdale in 1947 when then Governor Millard Caldwell appointed him to the Florida Railroad and Public Utilities Commission. Eight years later, President Eisenhower named him to fill a Democratic vacancy on the Federal Communications Commission. Said Florida's Democratic Senator Spessard Holland at Mack's Senate confirmation hearings: "I may say that he was strongly recommended for this post by both Senator [George] Smathers and myself and, in fact, by our whole delegation from Florida." He was recommended by Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins, too.

Witness Mack started his testimony last week bravely enough. Said he: "I assert categorically that my relations with Mr. Whiteside, going back over many years, had nothing whatsoever to do with my vote in the Miami Channel to case. I at no time, directly or indirectly, pledged

my vote to Thurman Whiteside, to Public Service Television, Inc. [the National Airlines subsidiary], or to any of the other three applicants in that proceeding." Even without his vote, he noted, there was an FCC majority for National: "Public Service would have won even had I not voted."

Just Pals. But as Mack continued, his statement turned pitifully flabby. He and Whiteside, he said, had "known one another since I was eight years old. We went to school and to college [University of Florida] together. Our wives went to college together . . . I must confess that throughout my career I have not been what may be called a moneymaker. There have been many times in my life when I have been in need of financial assistance." And whenever he needed such assistance, why there was good old Thurman Whiteside, ready with a check from one of his 19 (at least) bank accounts.

Having given Mack his say, the subcommittee began boring in. What had he ever done to justify his share in the Stembler-Shelden Insurance Agency? Well, as a member of the Florida Railroad and Public Utilities Commission he had given the company a commission list of bus and truck carriers that might be interested in buying insurance. Did Mack not think it was at least indiscreet to accept an interest in Stembler-Shelden while a member of the Florida commission? The remarkable reply: "Well, I do not know. If Mr. Whiteside had given me \$20,000 on which he paid the income tax, I think I would have taken it." Mack had never even seen the books of Stembler-Shelden; all he ever got from the firm was money—and an annual statement for his income-tax report.

Just a Tool. Mack was even more ignorant about the affairs of Andar Inc., which he was supposed to own. He did not know its officers' names, and did not



LAWYER WHITESIDE
Friend indeed.

Walter Bennett

have "the faintest idea" how much the company was worth. He said Whiteside had just "informed me" about Andar, and "didn't go into the details." What did all this add up to? Had it never even occurred to Richie Mack that it was highly improper for a Federal Communications Commissioner to accept thousands of dollars from a lawyer interested in a case before the FCC? Replied Witness Mack: "No sir. It did not."

The subcommittee had heard enough—and more than enough. Member after member, both Republicans and Democrats, began demanding Mack's resignation. Finally it came the turn of Chairman Oren Harris, an Arkansas Democrat. In a soft, almost regretful voice, he read a five-page statement. "I feel sorry for you," said Harris. "You are to be pitied, in my opinion, because I think you have been used as a tool in this unfortunate mess. It seems to me that the best possible service that you could render now as a member of the Federal Communications Commission would be to submit your resignation." It was a verdict that was a partial vindication for Mack's chief accuser, Dr. Bernard Schwartz, the contentious New York University law professor who got fired as the subcommittee's chief counsel for his McCarthy-like methods (TIME, Feb. 24).

Richie Mack sat chain-smoking, his hand trembling, his eyes filled with tears. When Harris finished, he leaned forward, said in a choked voice: "I will certainly most seriously consider your remarks."

LABOR

Embarrassing Picket

As he strode into the united labor movement's sleek, modern headquarters in Washington last week, burly A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany blushed for all to see. Plodding back and forth on the sidewalk was a pudgy picket carrying a sandwich board that proclaimed: 21 YEARS AN A.F.L.-C.I.O. ORGANIZER—THEN FIRED BY A 3¢ STAMP. Admitted an A.F.L.-C.I.O. official: "It's damned embarrassing."

The embarrassing picket was James Sweeney, 59, a onetime coal miner and longtime professional organizer who was booted out of his \$6,500-a-year job a few weeks ago and into retirement with a \$96-a-month pension. At the same time, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. fired, retired or switched to different jobs nearly 100 organizers (out of 218). The A.F.L.-C.I.O. explained the shake-out as a necessary economy measure, but to the jolted organizers and ex-organizers it seemed just a hard-fisted example of old-fashioned capitalistic union-busting. Reason: early in 1957, the organizers organized a little union of their own, the Field Representatives Federation, and tried to get the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to recognize it. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. balked, and the thwarted F.R.F. took its case to the National Labor Relations Board, where the decision is still pending. Muttered one F.R.F. member: "Union leaders make lousy employers."

DEFENSE

The Second Generation

In the new, fast-changing world of missilery, the Air Force last week got go-ahead orders on the wildest blue-yeonder project in its history. Name of project: Minuteman. Nature of Minuteman: a whole new weapons system of 3,000 to 4,000 solid-fuel "second-generation" missiles of variable 500-mile to 5,500-mile range, each to be kept in a state of push-button readiness, warheaded, target-aimed, in concealed and dispersed underground launching slots.

Minuteman is the latest major weapons system to grow from the big breakthrough in the development of solid-fueled missiles. Almost as soon as scientists found solutions to solid-fuel problems, the relatively inexpensive, highly mobile, easily handled solid-fuel missiles opened up whole new prospects of operation. And at

the same time they doomed to swift obsolescence the cumbersome, complex, costly, "first-generation" liquid-fuel missiles, with their big, liquid-oxygen plants, their long fueling time before launching and their intricate plumbing.

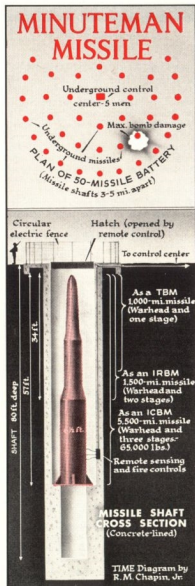
Already, the Navy is at work on a weapons system that mates the solid-fuel intermediate-range Polaris to the nuclear submarine (TIME, March 3). Now, with his decision to move ahead into the research and development phase of Minuteman, Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, only 20 weeks in office, is driving for a second-generation ring around the U.S.S.R., designed to deter war and to support U.S. diplomacy through the mid- and late-1960s. Target date for the first 50 to 60 Minuteman missiles on the defense line: July 1962.

The Capabilities. The new Minuteman ICBM is a three-stage rocket, 57 ft. long, weighing 65,000 lbs., with predicted 5,500-mile range. It is designed to pack a thermonuclear warhead smaller than that of the liquid-fueled ICBM Atlas, but big enough to take out major targets. Its major components can be broken down to make shorter-range missiles; by itself the missile's third stage could make a useful tactical ballistic missile (TBM) with 500- to 1,000-mile range; its second and third stages would combine to make a 1,500-mile IRBM for use from such close-in bases as those in Europe and Formosa. But the big new dividend of solid fuel is that Minuteman missiles can be fired from 80-ft. deep, concrete-lined and steel-capped underground cylindrical chambers—"inverted silos."

Present planning is that Minuteman will be grouped in batteries of 50 missiles, controlled from one command post, and with individual missiles dispersed to the point that an enemy five-megaton hit on the installation would theoretically take out no more than one Minuteman missile. Each missile will be countdown-ready at all times, will be hooked up electronically to the underground battery command post so that any defect can be spotted. If a red sensing-light flashes trouble, the sick missiles will be removed, replaced at once and repaired at a specially built factory not more than 500 miles away.

When the Air Force sets out to place its missiles in position, it will seek great open areas, e.g., the Southwestern U.S., will rent missile sites from farmers and ranchers. In peacetime, the missile sites will stand unmanned, surrounded by electric fences, and patrolled from the air and on the ground. But in the event of war, nothing more than the press of a thumb on a Minuteman red switch would be needed to flip back the steel caps, fire the missiles in their tubes and shoot them out on 800- to 1,000-mile-high trajectories to preplanned targets. Still another new Minuteman paper asset: a secret new high speed to enable the missile to race to target faster than enemy contramissiles can counterstrike.

The Breakthroughs. Plans for this formidable new weapons system have been developed during the past few years under



the eye of the Air Force's Missile Boss—and Minuteman Boss—Major General Bernard A. Schriever (TIME, April 1). The concept was developed and presented by a brilliant colonel, Edward N. Hall, 43, a day-after-tomorrow kind of officer with a master's degree in aeronautical engineering from Caltech and a twelve-year background in ballistic-missile science.

The Air Force had long been concerned about the mounting costs and complexities of the U.S.'s liquid-fueled missiles—the ICBMs Atlas and Titan, the IRBMs Thor and Jupiter—and had also been aware that long-countdown liquid-fuel missiles were not weapons of true instant retaliation. Barred by the Defense Department temporarily from solid-fuel development, the Air Force was impressed by the rapid progress and strategic potential of the Navy's solid-fuel Polaris. Months ago Schriever's men got down to work adapting the Polaris' developments to Air Force concepts.

There were three critical solid-fuel rocketry breakthroughs: 1) development at Caltech and Aerojet-General Corp. of a new type of solid fuel that will last a year or more inside underground launching cylinders without cracking; 2) development at Massachusetts Institute of Technology of a new-type guidance gyro that can be kept running continuously inside the underground slots for as long as two to three years; 3) successful testing by Thiokol Chemical Corp. of the biggest solid-fuel rocket engine ever built, with more than enough thrust to meet ICBM requirements.

The Costs. One day last month Air Force Secretary James Douglas signaled the new Minuteman breakthrough when he hustled in to see McElroy, his arms loaded with papers and charts. Douglas asked McElroy for \$26 million this year, \$30 million next year, to get Minuteman development under way right now and the system itself operational by July 1962. Flash estimate cost of 4,000 Minuteman missiles: \$3½ billion. McElroy's decision, taken after consultation with his advisory panel, was to order the Air Force to go ahead—and to brace himself for the ruling that may ultimately have to be made between the Navy's Polaris and the Air Force's Minuteman.

One thing was made clear in the Minuteman announcement: the Air Force knows that the days are numbered for its vast, multibillion-dollar liquid-fuel ICBM program, which is in its test stages. What will be done with these missiles when, in the mid-1960s, they are obsolete?

The answer is nothing less than a definition of the dizzy pace of U.S. defense ever since World War II. Atlas and Titan, now invaluable for testing and improving guidance systems, nose cones, etc., would be fine, said the Air Force, for astronautical vehicles, space-satellite launchers, even manned spaceships. Thus they will play a role in the coming buildup for the "third-generation" mission to deter war by getting machines and men into outer space.

DISASTERS

Beneath the Big Sandy

*Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Prepare me, Lord, to die
Will the waters be chilly, will the waters
be chilly,
Will the waters be chilly when I'm
called to die?*

—Cumberland Mt. Folk Song

Chilly and swollen from melting snow were the waters of eastern Kentucky's Big Sandy River. In the evergreen-carpeted Cumberland foothills of Floyd County, where the Levisa Fork of the Big

a wrecker was maneuvering across Highway 23 to pull a truck out of a ditch.

"I Knew in My Heart." For unaccountable reasons (so unaccountable that his friends suspect a heart attack), Derosssett did not slow down. Instead, the bus rammed the wrecker, knocked it 60 ft. The bus itself lurched, swayed, tipped for a moment at the top of the embankment, then slid through a grove of willow trees into the river. It hung for agonizing minutes in 3 ft. of water—long enough and shallow enough for 13-year-old Bill Leedy to kick open the rear emergency door, push smaller children out, then escape himself. Other passengers



Waiting for the school bus on Kentucky's Highway 23
"I knew in my heart I had lost them all."

Sandy bends and weaves and runs for a piece beside U.S. Highway 23, the muddy water was swirling, rapids-fast and more than 20 ft. deep, through channels where it normally meanders no more than chest-high on a tall man. There, last week, a loaded school bus caromed off the highway, down a 50-ft. bank, and into the icy water. With it to death rode 26 Floyd County children and their driver, in the worst school-bus accident in U.S. history.

A Kiss Goodbye. The bright yellow bus, with 46 pupils aboard, was bound for the elementary and high schools in nearby Prestonsburg. There was nothing unusual about the morning beyond cloudy skies, or about the bus and its journey. At about 7 o'clock Driver Jack Derosssett, 27, started his usual route through the 75-family coal-mining town of Cow Creek, picked up his regular riders on schedule. Seconds before he was due, for example, James Goble, 12, John, 11, and Anna Laura, 9, the three children of Cow Creek Storekeeper James B. Goble, scooped up their books, kissed their mother, hurried out the door to climb aboard.

One mile from Cow Creek, Driver Derosssett eased down a slight incline beside the Big Sandy. Two hundred feet ahead,

frantically rolled down windows and crawled out. Altogether 20 children got free before Big Sandy's heavy current swept the bus like a little log into deeper water, and closed over the screams of the children trapped inside. Among them: all three of Cow Creek's Gobles.

In coal-mining Floyd County, where sudden tragedy is familiar, word of the accident spread fast. Mountain men assembled to grapple for the sunken bus; Cow Creek residents begged rides or ran through the mud to the river to see which of their children would be coming home again. Mrs. Goble soon discovered that none of hers would, accepted the news with resignation. Said she: "I prayed that at least one might be saved, but I knew in my heart I had lost them all."

Fifty-three hours after the accident, the submerged bus was finally hooked 200 yds. from the point where it hit the water. Cables were lashed on by Navy frogmen; two tractors winched the tragic cargo ashore. As the first bodies were carried out, the Rev. Ivan Jones of West Prestonsburg's Assembly of God Church called for a moment of prayer. "Lord strengthen our hearts in this trying time."

FOREIGN NEWS

INDONESIA

Djago, the Rooster

[See Cover]

On the tide of nationalism that swept the world after World War II, no young nation swam more proudly than Indonesia. Its 3,000 islands were rich with oil, bauxite, rubber, tin; its 85,000,000 citizens made it the world's biggest Moslem nation, sixth in population among all the nations of the world. In five years of fighting and negotiation, it had shaken off 350 years of Dutch rule and installed a working democracy pledged to merge its dozen ethnic groups and 114 different languages into a new "unity in diversity."

Last week Indonesia, racked by civil war, was in dire danger of splintering apart. Guns cracked in the jungles of West Java; government bombers winged over Pakanbaru in Sumatra and Menado in the Celebes, blasting radio transmitters and telephone exchanges; government patrol boats, cleared for action, blockaded rebel-held ports.

This was no rebellion by fanatical diehards. Its leaders were some of the army's most respected officers, flanked by some of the nation's most respected politicians. From their mountain headquarters in the Pakan Highlands of Central Sumatra the voice of the rebels sounded calm and collected, and urged compromise. All the rebels asked was that Indonesia's President 1) behave himself constitutionally, 2) abandon his partnership with the Communist Party.

President Sukarno has never been a man who liked to take orders or even suggestions, however calm and collected the voice. From the start, he has held a mystic faith that he, and only he, speaks for the Indonesian people. "Don't you know that I am an extension of the people's tongue?" he demanded of a critic once. "The Indonesian people will eat stones if I tell them to." His charm can lay ghosts, his oratory stills critics, his famed "luck" has led him safely through imprisonment, exile, uprisings, attempted assassination and narrowly averted coups d'état. When he tours the country, hundreds of thousands stand for uncomplaining hours in the tropic sun to glimpse him as he passes; when he speaks, they roar "Hidup Bung Karno!" (Long Live Brother Karno). "I don't like to be told that I am wrong," he storms.

Circling Islands. Indonesia's rebellion is less a revolution against Sukarno than a last attempt to shock the self-intoxicated President into a state of sober reason, and a hope that the appeal for a new government may lead him to cleanse his own.

Whether Sukarno listens is of major concern for the free world. Of the string of islands that half circle the great continent of Asia—Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines, Indonesia—only Indonesia is not committed to the West. If, as seems possible, Sukarno leads his nation into Communism, the Communists will

have made a gigantic leap across a strategic barrier. To the nations of SEATO, meeting in Manila next week, what happens in Indonesia is of vital importance.

Indonesia's wealthiest island, Sumatra, is bigger than California; Java has more people than the American Midwest. Mountains march down the spines of both islands, and a hundred volcanoes drift their smoke against the blue tropical sky. Indonesia bursts with resources, from copra and hemp to teak, tobacco and oil. The world's largest flower, rafflesia, with a diameter of 3 ft., blooms on Madura. The red-brown soil of Java (pop. 52,000,000), terraced with unbelievable ingenuity, produces two rice crops a year. The warm seas send long rollers crashing on the palm-fringed shores of Ternate, with its burgeoning fields of nutmeg and pepper; Sumba, with its fragrant sandalwood; Borneo, with its vast, barely tapped treasure house of oil.

It is a land where the centuries do not follow each other but run side by side. In the oil city of Palembang the streets thrrob with Cadillacs and motor scooters, while scarcely 50 miles away aboriginal Kubus still live in trees. There are modern textile factories on Java but, close by, a tiger may feast on a wild pig or water buffalo. Elephants trumpet in the rain forest; single-horned rhinos move like tanks through the deltaic swamps; the 10-ft. Komodo lizard looks out from thick underbrush

like a dragon from the pages of Arthurian romances.

Bowl-Shaped Gongs. The people are lively, spirited, remarkably intelligent. The basic stock is Malay, with an overlay of Indian, Chinese, Arab and European blood and culture. More than 90% are Moslem, but in Indonesia the religion of the Prophet rests on a foundation of Buddhism, animism and assorted superstitions that date from prehistory. War has always been highly regarded and widely practiced. For centuries, native *praus* flashed out from inlets and rivers to send kris-waving pirates swarming aboard European merchantmen richly laden with the wealth of the Spice Islands. The conquering Dutch were never able to thoroughly subdue Atjeh, on the northern tip of Sumatra. In 1906 a Balinese rajah, his sons, wives, concubines and soldiers committed mass suicide rather than surrender.

But Indonesians love peace as well. In the soft scented night each village re-sounds with the rhythmic, curiously tuneful gamelan music of bowl-shaped gongs, bamboo flutes, metal keys, two-stringed violins. Fluid-fingered dancers will hold an audience enchanted all the night long; *wayang* puppet shows, telling the heroic legends of the past, run from sunset to dawn. Yet together with the industriousness and mannered behavior of the Indonesian is the wild agony of the amok, when a man for no clear reason will throw



off all restraint and race through his village wielding his razor-sharp parang against everything in his path.

Quicksilver. Indonesia last week seemed on the brink of running amok. No one could say which of the nation's characteristics would triumph: that of *halus*, the ability to adjust passively to circumstances and thereby dominate them, or that of *kasar*, the blind, rough, uncivilized plunge into brutal action.

If the decision rests with anyone, it is with President Sukarno, who, at 56, moves with deceptive lightness through domestic crises and international power plays. His mind and personality are quicksilver; there is a now-here, now-there quality to his thinking and actions that bewilders his friends and enrages his foes. A Dutch negotiator, after too long an exposure to Sukarno, cried in bafflement: "He is utterly unreliable, one day a fascist, the next a Communist; one day a friend of the white man, the next a violent enemy."

No one admires such diversity more than Sukarno himself. On his 56th birthday last year, he told a crowd of well-wishers: "I was born under the sign of Gemini, and I am destined to live a double life according to astrologers. I am a Marxist but I love religion, I am a scientist but I am also an artist. Sometimes I'm serious, sometimes I'm horse around. I can mix with Communists and Socialists, Moslems and Christians, revolutionary nationalists and compromising nationalists. Without the Indonesian people I'd be nothing but an ordinary

person. It's only in the name of the people that I am an occupant of palaces at Merdeka and Negara, Bogor and Tjirpani."

Most of all, Sukarno wants to be loved and admired. He is happy when surrounded by schoolchildren; it delights him to keep statesmen waiting while he listens patiently to a ragged old woman's complaint. He likes the traditional things of his national life, from Indonesian painting to puppet shows to *dukuns* (soothsayers). His favorite *dukun*, a ripe female named Madame Suprpto, last week offered him a particularly explicit prophecy: "The first big bomb will fall in Indonesia in March. The United States will intervene in the struggle between Padang and Djakarta, then the Soviet Union will intervene in turn, and World War III will be under way." The result: the U.S., the Soviet Union and all of Europe will be destroyed, and Red China will emerge as the world's foremost power. Indonesia, the forecast concludes, "will play a major part in the reconstruction of Asia." Sukarno reportedly pays as much attention to Madame Suprpto as he does to most political advisers.

Backward Teachers. Sukarno was born in a small village about 60 miles from the seaport city of Surabaya in 1901, the only son of an impoverished Javanese schoolteacher named Sukemi* and a high-caste Balinese mother, Ida Njoman Rai.

* Indonesians take a detached view of first names, middle names and surnames—adopting or discarding them on whim.

From his father, Sukarno learned the Moslem faith and the seeds of nationalism; from his mother, the long cycle of Hindu epics that have sustained Bali in its centuries-old resistance to the Mohammedanism of the surrounding islands. The combination left him securely dedicated to no faith. As a member of the *priyayi*, or gentry, the class that monopolized the few bureaucratic jobs left open by the Dutch to natives, he was socially far above the *marhaen*, or peasants, who were to become his most ardent followers.

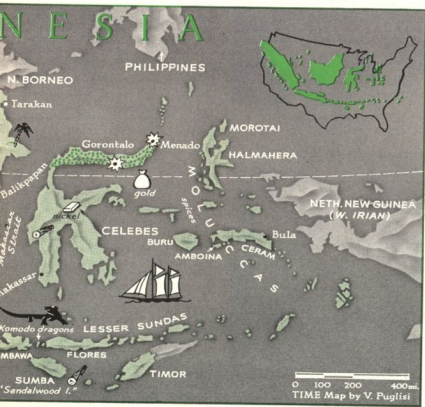
As a precocious child, he soon got the nickname of Djago (Rooster or Champion). He could run faster, jump higher, learn more quickly than anybody else; when he felt arrogant, which was often, he would learn more than the teacher knew, then tell the teacher how backward he was.

At 14, his father sent him to live as a foster son with a Surabaya businessman named Tjokroaminoto, a pioneer nationalist and writer who drew his political ideas from Islam, Marx and George Bernard Shaw. Tjokroaminoto's home was a meeting place of revolutionaries—one of whom, Muso, a Communist, was later to die leading the Madiun uprising against Sukarno—but the quick-witted young Sukarno was soon Tjokroaminoto's favorite. His foster father brought Sukarno up to be a politician, trained him in oratory, nationalism, political organization, and gave him his daughter, Siti Utari, in marriage. In 1920 Sukarno became one of the first dozen Indonesians admitted to a new Dutch technical college in Bandung.

Sukarno graduated as a civil engineer ("The most promising student we ever had," said his Dutch professors) but turned down engineering offers from several Dutch firms. In a characteristic scene that was to be often repeated in his life, Sukarno broke with his mentor, Tjokroaminoto, divorced his young wife, and promptly married another one, a well-to-do widow named Inggit Garnasih.

"Above Such Foolishness." It was then that he began his long association with Dr. Mohammed Hatta, who was everything that Sukarno was not—scholarly, sober-minded, steeped in Western culture, profoundly democratic. Hatta's family had been wealthy enough to send him to study economics in The Netherlands. He returned home, as passionate a nationalist as Sukarno, but aware also that there were other currents of thought in The Netherlands than colonialism, and other white men than imperialist oppressors. Sukarno and Hatta have differed most of their lives, and the history of Indonesia's politics is largely a history of their quarrels and their reconciliations. But their friendship has run steady through it all.

The Dutch spotted Hatta first. When Hatta was arrested, Sukarno used his "martyrdom" to unite several revolutionary factions under his own leadership. At 26, he became the best-known nationalist in Indonesia, a position he has never relinquished. He was also such a frequent patron of Bandung's brothels that his



fellow conspirators, who were mostly good Moslems, argued that his behavior would ruin him and the movement. Sukarno replied that his personal life was no one's responsibility but his own, and went off to another brothel to prove his point. "Even then," recalls an associate, "discipline was for other people, not for him. He was above such foolishness."

The Dutch got around to Sukarno in 1929, and after a four-month trial, sentenced him to four years in prison. But they had also given him a nationwide forum: in an impassioned courtroom speech, Sukarno denounced the "vile evils of colonialism" and promised Indonesians that he would serve them as the instrument of "historic necessity." On his release in 1931, Sukarno was greeted by applauding crowds, flowers, gifts. He asked for only ten patriotic youths aflame with love for Indonesia, and "with them I shall shake the earth." The Dutch, already in the slow shadows of a dying empire, promptly exiled him to Flores in the Outer Islands, where with thousands of other political detainees he continued his revolutionary education, reading insatiably in Dutch, English, French and Indonesian and drawing new conclusions from an odd compost of Lenin, Thomas Jefferson, John Dewey, Otto Bauer, Abraham Lincoln. He took time out to divorce his wealthy widow and marry a young and beautiful Javanese girl named Fatmawati. He had no doubts about the future. "I entered prison a leader and I shall emerge a leader," he said.

The Collaborator. He emerged in 1942 when the Japanese landed on Indonesian soil. Sukarno, released from prison in Sumatra, quickly made his way to Djakarta, where he met with the two other top revolutionary leaders, Hatta and the Socialist, Sjahrir.

Both Sukarno and Hatta believed that the Axis would win; Sjahrir was convinced the Allies would win. It was therefore easy to apportion the jobs for the next phase of their struggle for independence: Sjahrir would head the underground resistance against the Japanese occupiers, Sukarno and Hatta would collaborate with them. The Dutch administrators and businessmen were herded into Japanese concentration camps, and native bureaucrats, who had never been allowed above the lower rungs of government, took charge under the guidance of Japanese officers. Sukarno was at last in his element, free to roam the country and make countless broadcasts. "America we shall iron out, England we shall destroy," he cried. He urged Indonesians to enlist in defense forces recruited and armed by the Japanese; he helped supply his Japanese masters with *romushas*, or slave laborers, most of whom were never heard of again.

The surrender of Japan came so suddenly that it was six weeks before the British could get together enough forces to land on Java. In that time, Sukarno got a government in operation. It was creaky, inefficient, poorly administered and defended by a ragtag military force armed with everything from Japanese machine guns to bamboo spears, but it was a going concern.

For four years the Dutch tried vainly to re-establish themselves in Indonesia. They tried it with two major military campaigns, which only proved that they could seize any city they wanted but they could not control the countryside. At one time (1948) Dutch paratroops captured President Sukarno and every member of his Cabinet except Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, who was in Sumatra and continued the fight. In 1949, worn down by Indonesian resistance and world opinion, the Dutch gave up. All of their old island possessions except West New Guinea became the Republic of Indonesia. Sukarno and his fellow revolutionaries had won independence.

Bury the Parties. But it is easier to make a revolution than to guide it toward



SUKARNO & GUEST*

"One day a fascist, next a Communist."

order and prosperity. A month after independence, a Dutch adventurer named Captain Westerling tried to overthrow the government with a mixed force of European mercenaries and native dissidents. The Darul Islam fanatics, who want to set up a theocratic Moslem state by force of arms, took over most of the mountainous area southwest of Bandung in Java; a separatist republic was established in the South Moluccas; the Amboinese, who had long supplied native soldiers to the Dutch, rose in rebellion; the people of Atjeh in Northern Sumatra, who fight everybody, fought the government.

The nation Sukarno precariously governed was precariously split politically. There are four major and nearly equal parties: 1) the Nationalists, created by Sukarno and sustained by a horde of un-

derpaid government bureaucrats; 2) Masjumi, a Moslem party of small traders and urban businessmen with a pronounced Western outlook; 3) the Orthodox Scholars, a village-based and deeply conservative Moslem group dominated by religious teachers; 4) the Communists.

With no party strong enough to rule, there was a succession of coalition Cabinets. Each Cabinet minister was responsible to his individual party and had to run back to headquarters for voting instructions and policy directives. The years went by, governments came and went, but the total result was inaction. In exasperation, Sukarno once cried: "Let's bury the parties!"

The Colonels. His was not the only voice raised in protest. To the impatient military commanders of the Outer Islands, nothing seemed to come from Djakarta except the sound of falling Cabinets and the noise of futile oratory. These young, vigorously anti-Communist colonels were a new factor in Indonesia's tumbling political confusion. The Outer Islands, and Sumatra in particular, produce nearly 100% of Indonesia's exports, while overpopulated Java has always been a deficit area. The profits earned by their products went to Djakarta and, it seemed to the colonels, never came back. Sukarno believes not in economics, but in people—and Java had most of the people.

In effect, Sukarno spent the Outer Islands' earnings on Java. In early 1955 Colonels Sumual and Warouw in the Celebes began shipping out copra and collecting their own taxes on the trade. Instead of sending the revenue to Djakarta, they used the money for local schools and roads. In Central Sumatra veteran Colonel Ahmad Husein followed their lead, took over the regional administration, soon was exporting rubber to Singapore. Tall, efficient Colonel Simbolon in North Sumatra and scholarly Colonel Barlian in South Sumatra also went into the business of army-managed barter and invested the profits in schools, roads, barracks. The operation was scrupulously honest. When Djakarta challenged Simbolon's operations, he produced bank records to show that he had not diverted a single rupiah to his own use.

Missing Gardner. All this was too much for *Bung Karno*. By now he had taken a fourth wife—a young, lissome divorcee named Hartini—without bothering to divorce Fatmawati, the mother of his five children. Sukarno took off for a tour of the world's capitals, shopping for new ideas. The tour became a triumphal procession and a tonic for the dispirited President of a mismanaged nation. He arrived in the U.S. quoting Abraham Lincoln, got a ticker-tape welcome in New York City, saw Hollywood (he was disappointed to miss Ava Gardner, who was off in Spain), made an address to a joint session of the U.S. Congress. He told the Congressmen that "we of Indonesia are in the stage of national turmoil through which America passed some 150 years ago. We ask you to understand," and won hearty applause by dwelling on the many similarities between the American Revolu-

* Russia's President Kliment Voroshilov, who visited Indonesia in 1957.



NATSIR



LUBIS



SJAFRUDDIN



HUSEIN

Ipippos: James Burke—Lira
BARLIAN

Where the centuries run side by side.

lution and that of Indonesia against the Dutch. He charmed the U.S. President and press. But Sukarno was not overly impressed with the U.S. Americans are too tense, he said when he got home; they work too hard, they obviously lack *halus*, or spirituality. They have a good production system, but they don't know how to distribute what they make.

Scarcely three months later, Sukarno was in the Soviet Union and delighting his new hosts by implying a close identity between the Soviet struggle against capitalism and Indonesia's against colonialism. The Russians spared no effort, furnished his Aeroflot plane with a pretty, blonde stewardess and interpreter named Valentina Reshetnyak. Sukarno imperially arranged for the interpreter to visit him in Djakarta, where she still remains.

But the peak of stage management was achieved by Red China. Hundreds of thousands lined the roads as Sukarno passed; schoolchildren paraded, youth groups cried "*Hidup Bung Karno!*" Flowers and confetti and drums and songs greeted his every appearance. Chou En-lai personally showed him factories and bridges. After Russia, Sukarno had observed dubiously: "One can see the price of their achievement in the faces of their people." But here were Communists who smiled.

Three-Legged Horse. Sukarno came back to Djakarta full of wonder. "I've seen the answer in China," he told intimates. "Now we must do something. Every country in the world seems to make progress but Indonesia." His new political idea: "guided democracy." It was based, he said, on the ancient village idea of *gotong-royong*, mutual help, a sort of village meeting where all the elders discuss and discuss a proposition until they are in unanimous agreement. There was no vote, because votes produce majorities and minorities, and such division of the people leads to unhappiness and opposition. Under Sukarno's new conception, the elected Parliament would be in tandem with a National Council, selected by the President, and containing representatives of the various groups in the nation: youth, business, labor, women, the arts and professions.

When Sukarno hand-picked his 45 mem-

bers, the National Council proved to have four known Communists and twelve or 14 other left-wingers. It is Sukarno's position that since the Reds win votes, they should have a proportionate place in the government. "I don't want to ride a three-legged horse. We can't ignore the voices of 6,000,000 people!" he cried. Mohammed Hatta answered: "Then keep them in the opposition. Oil and water don't mix." As for a premier and cabinet, Sukarno got around the nuisance of conferring with political parties by appointing an earnest engineer named Djuanda as Premier without consulting Parliament.

"Guided democracy" was too much for Dr. Hatta. He resigned as Vice President of the nation and the crisis deepened. In the Outer Islands, the colonels were stirring restlessly. Colonels Husein and Simbolon in Sumatra took over the civil administration of their regions. In the Celebes, Lieut. Colonel Sumual followed suit.

Typically, Sukarno reacted to this crisis by creating a diversion. Loudly, he warned that unless the United Nations forced the Dutch to cede West Irian (West

New Guinea) to Indonesia, events would happen that "would startle the world!" When the U.N. rejected even a mild pro-Indonesian resolution, Sukarno ordered that all Dutch assets—ships, banks, plantations—be seized and all Dutch nationals expelled.

Sukarno set up a "West Irian Liberation Committee," which included Cabinet members. It proceeded to issue its own orders, which frequently contradicted the government's. Masjumi leaders tried futilely to remonstrate with the President. But Sukarno merely exhorted Indonesians to prepare for hard times: "We must dare! We must start from the bottom! In the next few years we may be short of clothing!"

No criticism would have mattered so long as Sukarno felt secure in the hearts of his people. But when someone hurled several hand grenades at him he was visibly shaken. He took off on a 41-day "vacation" tour of Africa and Asia, while rebellion festered behind him.

Geisha Delights. Police and roughneck *pemuda* (youth action groups) took over the streets of Djakarta. Sections of the city were cordoned off and a house-to-house search made for dissidents. Mohammed Natsir, the titular head of the Masjumi Party, and Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, ex-governor of the Bank of Indonesia, found themselves harassed by threatening phone calls at all hours of the day and night; armed hoodlums tramped through their houses and the police ignored their complaints. In fear of their lives, they fled Djakarta for the clearer air of Padang. Colonel Sumual flew in to Padang from the Celebes and Colonel Barlian from South Sumatra. Dagger-bearded Colonel Zulkifli Lubis, onetime deputy chief of staff and probably the shrewdest of the Padang rebels, appeared also, although the police were searching for him in Djakarta as a prime suspect in the attempted assassination. Snapped Lubis: "I didn't do it. If I had planned it, it would not have failed."

An ultimatum was dispatched to hand-writing Premier Djuanda in the capital: unless a new anti-Communist Cabinet was formed under Hatta or the Sultan of Djogjakarta, the rebels would establish a counter-government of their own. Two of



S. T. Hsieh

HATTA

On the brink of running amok.

the colonels flew to Japan to deliver the ultimatum personally to Sukarno, who was busy renewing an old acquaintance with a 29-year-old geisha whom he had known under the Japanese occupation of Indonesia. Said Sukarno: "How can you behave this way? Aren't we old friends?"

Six days after Sukarno's return to Djakarta, the rebels got Sukarno's answer—bombings of their communications by government planes, blockade of their coasts by government warships. The men who had made the revolution together were at war.

Mixed Feelings. On paper, the rebels seem doomed. Sukarno has a tiny navy and a small air force (twelve bombers, 20 fighters); the rebels have neither. Sukarno can muster some 85 battalions of troops, the rebels scarcely 14. But the rebels are prepared to fight if attacked, and the army and navy have shown little enthusiasm for turning their guns on brother Indonesians. Military commanders in such outlying spots as Borneo, Timor, Flores, Sumbawa, the Moluccas hastened to promise loyalty to Djakarta but with the proviso that, unfortunately, they had no forces to spare for an invasion of the rebel areas. The only dependable government arm is the air force of General Sukarni Suridarma, who has Communist sympathies and a tall, good-looking Eurasian (and Communist) wife.

The rebels must avoid being strangled economically. Their agents in Singapore are dickering for patrol boats to help break the naval blockade of rebel ports, and have reportedly purchased six transport planes that can be used either as courier planes or bombers. In Padang, machine-gun posts are protected by sandbag revetments, and Sumatran youth are being drilled in guerrilla tactics. In the Celebes, Colonel Sumual has recaptured Gorontalo from the government forces that seized the city and boasts that he can raise 30,000 men against a government invasion.

What the rebels need most is allies, and here they are experiencing the most difficulty. Natsir lingers in Padang still uncommitted, but still the probable candidate for President, if the rebels are forced to disavow Sukarno. A key man is Colonel Barlian, commander of South Sumatra. His area includes the rich Stanvac and Shell oilfields and refineries at Palembang, which supply most of Djakarta's gasoline. Padang's Colonel Husein is his closest friend, and he is with the rebels in spirit but, so far, hesitates to disown Djakarta. Possible reasons: his region is heavily settled by migrant Javanese who in recent municipal elections gave one-third of their votes to the Communists; one of his four battalions is made up of Javanese troops. To underline his neutrality he last week had his officers and men swear allegiance only to him.

Bomb in August. At week's end Sukarno seemed to be treating his latest dilemma as airily as those of the past. He chuckled schoolgirls under the chin, pursed his lips over the prophecies of his latest favorite soothsayer ("A great bomb

will drop in August! There will be trouble everywhere"). His wife, Hartini, gave birth to a son at the presidential summer palace 35 miles south of Djakarta, making Sukarno a father for the seventh time. Because his own Nationalist Party was rapidly losing touch with the masses, Sukarno has leaned increasingly on the Communists. He admires their dynamic ability to organize monster demonstrations with all of the theatrical effects—banners, chanted slogans, parades, fiery speeches—which have always been his weakness. But the Communists frighten him too. Says an intimate: "If they staged rival rallies in, say, Surabaya, I am convinced the Communists would outdraw Sukarno. This would kill him. He knows the Communists can outdraw him, and so he has to stay with them."

The police in Djakarta rounded up Sumatrans thought to be sympathetic to



WIFE No. 4 & SON
"His women will kill us all."

the rebels, threatened prosecution of anyone caught listening to rebel broadcasts. Dr. Bahder-Djohan, president of the University of Indonesia and a Sumatran, asked to be relieved of active duty in protest at the bombing of his homeland. Other Sumatrans on the faculty and in civil service were threatening a walkout that would further cripple the government, since the vigorous, active Sumatrans make up a disproportionately large percentage in the nation's intellectual fields. With the disruption of trade consequent on the seizure of Dutch property, the price of rice had risen precipitously, and with it, criticism of *Bung Karno*. Muttered a Djakarta housewife: "We starve, and he spends our money on women. His women will kill us all."

Dying Corpse. With a display of *kasar*, rebel Premier Sjafruddin called *Bung Karno* a coward "who strutted and wore medals but had never fought a war, a man who was so frightened that he wouldn't

even go to the bathroom without a body-guard." The rebels were also disappointed in the inactivity of Mohammed Hatta (who in the midst of last week's maneuvering was discovered quietly lecturing on Islamic history at the University of Indonesia). "Hatta is the undertaker," said Sjafruddin bitterly. "He'll sit quietly while the corpse dies, then conduct a post-mortem."

But even at this late date the rebels would probably consent to keep *Bung Karno* if he subsided into a constitutional President. So would the U.S., though in a statement two weeks ago Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had hinted that Washington would be more pleased with a more constitutional government in Indonesia. Sukarno is still Mr. Revolution to Indonesians, and his displacement would mean a lot of trouble in the villages—where 80% of Indonesians still live. For the foreseeable future, the shape and future of Indonesia is in his hands.

GREECE

Fallen Leader

In the two years since he succeeded the late great Field Marshal Alexander Papagos as Premier of Greece, ruggedly handsome Constantine Karamanlis, 50, had infused the Greek government with a new spirit. Son of a Macedonian schoolteacher, Karamanlis still bore traces of the simple manners of the north, displayed an honesty and a vigor alien to the wealthy Athenians who generally dominate Greek politics. Under his driving leadership, the gross national product jumped 9% during 1956-57, and the Greek farmer prospered as never before.

But Karamanlis had the defects of his qualities. Impatient of inefficiency, he greeted opposition from his ministers with bursts of rage. Between his overriding self-confidence and his partial deafness, the Cabinet found it hard to argue back.

Two weeks ago, after prolonged negotiations with the leaders of the chief opposition parties, Karamanlis proposed a new electoral law that would reduce the number of Deputies in the Greek Chamber from 300 to 250, modify the unwieldy proportional-representation provisions of the existing law. Deputies from small parties and even some members of Karamanlis' own National Radical Union protested that the proposed law threatened them with political extinction. But Karamanlis, allowing his Cabinet only a glance at the bill, submitted it to Parliament.

Last week, led by two dissatisfied members of the Karamanlis Cabinet, 15 Deputies resigned from the National Radical Union, thereby cut the party's strength from 164 to 149 seats. Deprived of his majority, Constantine Karamanlis headed out to the royal residence at Dekeleia, handed King Paul his resignation and, along with it, a recommendation for parliamentary dissolution and new elections. After five years of steady leadership provided by Papagos and Karamanlis, Greece seemed headed back into its old slough of political instability.

TUNISIA

The Tightrope Walker

Talking over the dispute between France and Tunis with a covey of senior Tunisian government officials one day last week, U.S. Ambassador Robert Murphy found that the conversation had turned to the Algerian war. Gently Murphy suggested that the conference get back to the subject it was supposed to be discussing: Tunisian demands for the evacuation of all French military bases in Tunisia.

"Very well, sir," agreed Tunisia's Foreign Minister Sadok Mokkadem. "From now on we won't talk about Algeria at all, unless you raise the matter yourself." Ten minutes later the conversation was once again back on Algeria.

Murphy's inability to keep the Algerian war out of conversational play was an inevitable consequence of 1) the weakness and confusion of France in crisis, and 2) the tightrope-walking nature of his own "good offices" mission. In Paris earlier in the week, France's Premier Félix Gaillard had belabored Murphy with the paradoxical French arguments that, on the one hand, "the essential question dividing France and Tunisia is the aid which the Algerian rebellion gets from Tunisian territory"; on the other, the Algerian war is a purely French concern and hence outside the scope of Murphy's mission. Added Robert Lacoste, Minister for Algeria, who sometimes seems to think he is running French policy from Algiers: "Good offices consist purely and simply of putting the two parties in contact. They should not be confused with mediation or arbitration. A mediator suggests solutions; an arbitrator compels them. We accept neither one nor the other."

But after flying on to Tunis, the tall, imperturbable U.S. troubleshooter scarcely had time to recover from a bout of airsickness before President Bourguiba was trying to persuade him that "it is up to U.S. leadership to convince France that the Algerian war is not profitable." Within 30 minutes of Murphy's departure from Bourguiba's Carthage residence, three leaders of Algeria's National Liberation Front arrived to dine.

At week's end, with Bourguiba firing off denunciations of the French plan to displace 70,000 people to create an uninhabited "no man's land" along the Algerian-Tunisian frontier ("an insult to humanity"), the deadlock seemed publicly as total as ever. But from backstage came reports that Bourguiba showed some signs of willingness to meet the French part way, let them retain the all-important Bizerte base provided that they evacuated all their other Tunisian bases.

ALGERIA

Worst Ever

Only two months after French officials proclaimed the rebellion in Algeria "militarily finished," the three-year-old war passed through its bloodiest week. In five separate engagements, the French killed 427 rebels. The week's returns from the

shambles brought the February total up to 3,900—more than the total U.S. dead in six months of fighting on Guadalcanal. But French casualties were higher than ever before. In February, Paris reported, France lost 207 men, killed in action, compared to 203 a year ago.

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

Visitor from Cairo

The scheduled airliner from Cairo touched down at Damascus airport early last week in routine arrival. To the astonishment of Syrians at the field, out stepped Egypt's Strongman Gamal Abdel Nasser, new President of the United Arab Republic. Nasser had found it wise to come unexpected and in secret, lest the Israelis be tempted to have a shot at his plane as it crossed the Mediterranean

for you, Gamal." Shouting paraders carried coffins labeled "U.S.A.," "Eisenhower Doctrine," "Baghdad Pact." One old man told the beaming Nasser: "All Arabs love you. You will carry on the glory of our ancestors." "Your feet are more stable than mountains, your hand will make the future," cried one shabbily dressed woman, tears of emotion streaking her cheeks.

In one furious outburst from his Damascus balcony, Nasser abruptly ended his brief truce with the rival Arab Federation (Iraq and Jordan). Evidently Nasser was angered by the Iraqi and Jordanian foreign ministers' attempts to line up Saudi Arabia's King Saud for their union.

"The false federation they established to stand against the Syrian-Egyptian union will be blown away by winds like chaff," shouted Nasser. "Dear brothers, you know these people are agents of im-



Associated Press

NASSER AND KUWATLY IN DAMASCUS
Shortcomings in the geography, but not in the chemistry.

from Egypt to Syria. Syria's ex-President Shukri el Kuwatly, awakened and told of the arrival, was so taken by surprise that he was still unshaven and in his dressing gown when he hurried downstairs to embrace his new boss.

Nasser's precautions were symptomatic of the geographic shortcomings of the new union between Egypt and Syria. But there was no shortcoming in the massive welcome that Nasser got. Within an hour of the time the radio announced that Nasser was in Damascus, youth delegations, red-and-white turbaned religious leaders, poster-waving workers, ragged Palestinian refugees, and thousands of other citizens of the new republic swarmed under Nasser's guesthouse balcony to shout: "Long live our President!"

Tears & Cheers. People got up on shoulders, crowded rooftops and balconies. Arab nationalists streamed over from Lebanon bearing banners: "We give our lives

perialism and as such their power is but a short-lived thing."

Lip of Revolution. "Lies," replied Jordan's King Hussein from Amman. When Jordanian police arrested an M.P., two doctors, a couple of schoolteachers and some army officers for trying to send congratulatory messages to Nasser, the Middle East nationalist press reported "Revolution in Jordan."

Asserting (falsely) that Iraqi police had fired on crowds to break up demonstrations in favor of the U.A.R., Nasser's Middle East news agency also reported Iraq "is now on the lip of the volcano."

At week's end Crown Prince el Badr arrived in Damascus to tell Nasser of Yemen's adherence to the republic. Imam Saif el Islam Ahmed will keep his throne and his absolute power, and the arrangement constituted little more than a close alliance. But the battle was joined for leadership of Arab unity.

GREAT BRITAIN

Concurrence on Deterrence

A great commotion sounded in Britain. Defense Minister Duncan Sandys' White Paper, asserting flatly that major Russian aggression, even by conventional forces, would be met by nuclear retaliation, had roused a fresh hubbub of demands to ban the hydrogen bomb, to abandon nuclear weapons, to refuse the U.S.-made Thor rockets. Thousands attended meetings organized by 85-year-old Philosopher Bertrand Russell, who wants Britain to forswear its nuclear weapons as an example to mankind. Urged on by the *Daily Herald*, 70 Laborite M.P.s backed a "Victory for Socialism" group, dedicated to rejecting the U.S. missiles. Last week Sandys faced the House in the midst of what had become a national debate.

The new missiles could be launched only "with the consent of the British government," he pointed out, and cited Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskill's own statement that "there is no essential physical difference between the launching of missiles, which do not have to be manned, and the launching of bombers with hydrogen bombs, which have to be manned." He added: "If Russia, with her incomparably larger forces, were to launch an all-out attack, then the Western Allies would have the choice of striking back with nuclear weapons or submitting to defeat and occupation." The Victory-for-Socialism Laborites leaped to their feet shouting "Suicide." Sandys replied by quoting the words of Clement Attlee, uttered when he led the Labor Opposition three years ago: "It is no use telling the Russians that we would not be the first to use a hydrogen bomb in a war . . . It would be as if I and a heavyweight champion boxer faced each other with revolvers, and I told him that I was not going to be the first to fire. He would just say 'Splendid,' and put down his pistol and knock me for six with his fists." Said Sandys: "I really do not think I can put the position clearer than that."

However noisy Labor's back benches, George Brown, speaking for the Opposition leadership, urged only that the actual construction of the missile bases be deferred until after the powers can have another go at disarmament at a summit meeting. On the essential point, Brown aligned Labor's leadership with the Tory government against his own rebels. "We have accepted the [nuclear] deterrent," he said.

For Labor, the split in the party's ranks boded ill just at a time when virtually every poll showed them well ahead of the Tories in popularity. They have not forgotten that a bitter division on defense policy sent the party to defeat in the 1951 and 1955 elections. Then it was Nye Bevan who led the divisive revolt against German rearmament. Day after last week's debate, the Labor Executive Committee, including "Shadow Foreign Minister" Nye Bevan, summoned leaders of the Victory-for-Socialism group to answer for their "activities."

EAST GERMANY

Crackup, Crackdown

In the Russian master plan for satellites, East Germany was long ago selected to be the showpiece of industrialization. Undeterred by the fact that the area had traditionally been Germany's breadbasket, the Russians installed Walter Ulbricht to make their policy fast. Last week reports smuggled out of East Germany made clear that Ulbricht's ruthless drive to make over East Germany into an industrial complex had brought the country close to bankruptcy, was the basic cause of the recent split in Communist leadership.

At the last meeting of the East German Politburo, then Deputy Premier Fred Oelssner, whom Ulbricht put in charge of production and distribution of consumer goods in 1955, bluntly declared that as things were going "the country can expect



WALTER ULBRICHT
Total collapse by 1960?

a total collapse of its economy by 1960." The whole Ulbricht philosophy of export-at-any-price, and of imposing impossible production goals upon industry, had led "to an economy of permanent crisis." The country was grievously short of raw materials, can not even depend on the cheap coal that Poland now sells to the West.

R: Frankness. Ulbricht promptly denounced Oelssner as an "ideological mole." But Oelssner kept slashing away. He demanded that East Germany frankly explain its predicament to Moscow. He also prescribed frankness with the East German people. "We can get by," he said, "with promising the masses the lifting of rationing a fifth, possibly a sixth, time. But the seventh or eighth time, no one will believe us."

Karl Schirdewan, long considered Ulbricht's heir apparent, rose to back up Oelssner. What had Ulbricht's policies actually accomplished, he asked, but the alienation of "the bourgeoisie, the youth,

the intelligentsia, the housewives, and 2,000,000 refugees?" Ulbricht replied by kicking Oelssner and Schirdewan out of the Politburo.

Flops & Fiascos. In the first half of 1957 alone, East Germany lost 7,400,000 man-hours because of a lack of raw materials, broken-down machinery, and all-round bad planning. The Ulbricht obsession with increasing exports has had some preposterous results. Items:

☐ East Germany offered to build oil tanks for Sweden, even though its industries were totally unprepared to produce them. The tanks cracked, some collapsed, and the whole venture became such a fiasco that its director committed suicide.

☐ East German experts offered to build water works in the Sudan. Pipes and drills were shipped out, but no water was found, and losses rose to at least 1,500,000 marks.

☐ East Germany exported hundreds of tractors to Red China. When the tractors broke down by fleets, it was found that no provision for supplying spare parts had been made. The Chinese angrily called the whole deal off.

In spite of such fiascos, stubborn Walter Ulbricht seems determined not to change his ways. Last week the Trade Union Federation, obediently toeing the Ulbricht line, announced a frenetic campaign to spur worker production and "to call to account trade union and economic functionaries in the event of nonfulfillment of obligations."

ITALY

The Bishop & the Grocer

In the ancient Tuscan town of Prato brawny Grocer Mauro Bellandi, 33, has long been known as a Communist sympathizer, an atheist, and a vigorous critic of the Roman Catholic Church. But it was not until a year ago last August, when he made his fiancée Loriani Nunziati promise that she would not insist on a church wedding, that his opinions landed him in trouble. On the very day that Grocer Bellandi was married by Prato's Communist mayor, greying, lantern-jawed Pietro Fiordelli, bishop of Prato, ordered the priest of Santa Maria del Soccorso to read to his parishioners an outrageous denunciation of the couple and their marriage.

Scandalous Concubinage. "So-called civil matrimony for two baptized people," said the bishop, "is absolutely not matrimony, but only the beginning of scandalous concubinage. Mauro Bellandi is a public sinner and Loriani Nunziati is a public sinner." Since Loriani's parents had permitted "this immensely sinful and scandalous step, holy water at Easter shall be denied them."

To Mauro Bellandi, the bishop's outburst was not only a blow to his own "honor, dignity and reputation"; it was an insult to his wife and her parents as well. What was worse, business fell off at his store, and he began receiving abusive anonymous letters. That fall Bellandi brought civil suit for damage against both the bishop and his priest, and the state



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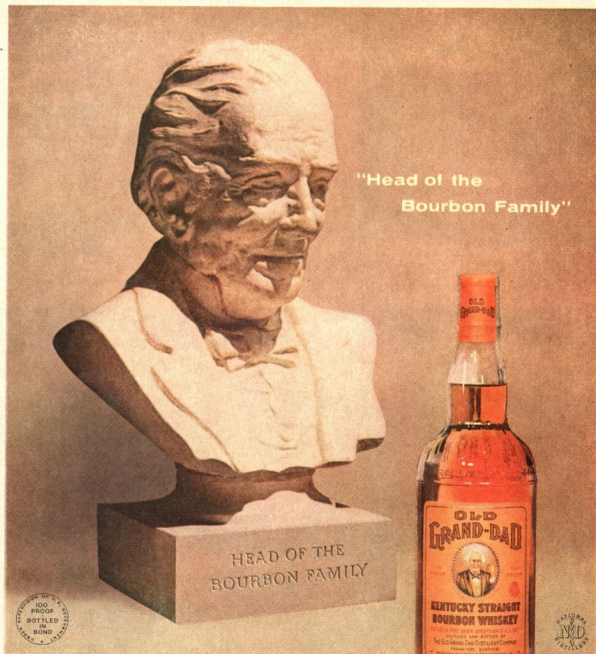
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The case of the bishop and the grocer quickly became the talk of all Italy. For the first time since it was signed by the Holy See and the Italian government in 1929, the Lateran Agreement, which regulates "the conditions of religion and of the Church in Italy," was under legal test. The agreement's Concordat guarantees the clergy complete freedom in ecclesiastical matters. But where does that freedom end and the clergy's civil responsibilities begin? In food queues and at cocktail parties the argument raged. When Bellandi, an alumnus of Buchenwald, suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage, his partisans cried out that this was the result of persecution. But the bishop's followers had another explanation. "The hand of God," said one Florentine, "has struck this man down."

Canon Law v. Constitution. Last week, in the trial in Florence's tribunal court, the debate became more bitter than ever. Declaring himself "responsible only to my conscience as bishop, to the Pope and to God," the bishop refused to attend the trial on the basis that no civil court had jurisdiction over "an act of my spiritual power." The press crackled with indignation. "Here," cried the Communist *L'Unità*, "we see the church demanding the supremacy of Canon Law over our Constitution." Added the conservative *Corriere della Sera*: "If even for one moment we should admit this principle, the entire clergy would become a privileged class without the obligations of ordinary citizens."

As a mob jammed the piazza outside the Palazzo del Tribunale, the trial began without the bishop, for in such a case Italian law permits a person to be tried *in absentia*. "We have only one reputation," Mauro Bellandi's lawyers told the three judges enthroned beneath the court's great crucifix, "and if someone offends it, according to the laws of the state, he must be punished. It is no justification that the defamation comes from a bishop." Asked Bellandi's young wife from the witness stand: "Must I tolerate being called my husband's concubine?"

Dual Reputation. The bishop's lawyers retorted that, in the light of Canon Law, the term was wholly justified. There is a difference, they argued, between a civil and a religious reputation, and the bishop had been concerned only with the religious. Meanwhile the public prosecutor had stepped in to state the government's position. The bishop, argued the prosecutor, was clearly guilty of "culpable excess." But since "there was no intent to injure," he should not be punished.

The prosecutor's argument, commented a Roman lawyer, was "a masterpiece of political reality." It seemed to be a most happy solution to the Christian Democratic government's delicate dilemma—how to retain liberal support by reprimanding the bishop while at the same time keeping church support by asking for acquittal. But the judges of Florence did not accept this face-saving formula.

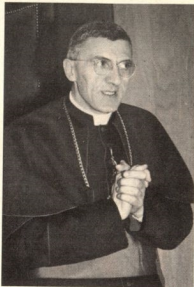


Foto Italia

PRATO'S FIORELLI
An affront to the church.

While acquitting the priest (who acted only on orders), they found the bishop guilty of criminal defamation, ordered him to pay court costs plus \$673 in damages to Bellandi, his mother and his wife. They also slapped a \$64.50 fine on him, which they suspended for five years on condition of good behavior.

The bishop can appeal. But the fact remains that he is the first clergyman since 1929 to be tried by a secular court. Crowded the left-wing *Avanti!*: "Liberty has won. The sentence of Florence proves that the law is equal for all." Most Italians agreed. Said the bishop himself: "I am serene. Remember that Jesus Christ died on the Cross." And in Bologna,



Elio Sorci

PRATO'S BELLANDIS
A victory for liberty.

Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro solemnly ordered his churches in mourning for this "insupportable affront to the dignity of the church."

SOUTH KOREA

"Slick Boy"

For many of South Korea's poor, stealing from the U.S. Army is a trade and a livelihood. They steal from PXs and officers' homes, raid railroad yards, pilfer from trucks on the move, and diligently bleed oil pipelines (last year's losses were 1,500,000 gallons, enough to carry one tank company 22,400 miles). But after U.S. soldiers on guard duty, potshotting at intruders, killed several innocent bystanders, General George H. Decker ordered: "No more shooting." The thieving went on, the 40,000 men of South Korea's police force seemed unable or unwilling to catch a single thief, and the U.S. Army chafed with frustrated exasperation.

Early one morning last week, a 14-year-old Korean boy named Kim Choon II was nabbed by a guard inside the Eighth Army's aircraft maintenance center at Ascom City, 15 miles west of Seoul. He had broken into noncommissioned officers' quarters, pocketed a traveling clock, cigarette lighter, flashlight, two PX ration books, \$6 worth of scrip. He was frog-marched to the guardroom, where a group of U.S. officers and enlisted men, irked by 20 burglaries in six weeks, decided to teach Kim a lesson.

According to a report released later by the U.S. Army, Kim claimed that he was first struck by a soldier. A captain came along, beat him some more, jabbed his legs and arm with a knife point, Kim said. They shaved his hair off with electric clippers, daubed coal tar on his head and face. Then they packed 4-ft. Kim into a 3-ft. crate used to carry plane parts, put holes in it to give him air and loaded their cargo aboard a helicopter. The camp commander, Major Thomas G. James of Plymouth, Pa., flew the copter himself. James planned to leave the boy at a disused field and make him walk back to Ascom City. But he found he could not get the box open, and flew on to Uijongbu, twelve miles north of Seoul. "I have a box of spare parts on board," he radioed the field. When the box was unloaded, a Korean soldier heard "whimpering," found Kim inside. "That's a slick boy [slang for thief]," observed James. Freed, Kim made his way back to Ascom City, told his story to Korean police, who took him to a U.S. Army hospital. Doctors washed off the tar, found Kim otherwise in "good condition."

Bursting with fury, Korean newspapers labeled the incident a "vicious lynching," demanded a status-of-forces agreement that would allow Korean courts to try U.S. servicemen. General Decker hastily expressed regret at the treatment given the boy, "even though he was caught in the act of stealing" (a fact most of the Korean newspapers failed to mention), and promised "appropriate action."

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Democratic Spirit

Government by consent of the people is gaining in Latin America.

Soldierly, dutiful President Pedro Aramburu, the general who took over after Dictator Juan Perón's ouster by a military revolution and promised Argentines a free election, last week made good on his promise. Though the winner was not his choice, General Aramburu announced that he looked forward to "the honor of turning over power to honest and capable men."

In a continent where general-presidents have all too often tried to perpetuate themselves in office, Aramburu's conduct had an exemplary effect well beyond the borders of Argentina. Items:

¶ Colombia's five-man military junta, which will hold an election March 16, says: "We shall turn over our powers to a civilian President at 3 p.m., Aug. 7, 1958."

¶ Venezuela's provisional President, Rear Admiral Wolfgang Larrazabal, promises elections for a constituent assembly before the year is out.

In the deep change, the Roman Catholic Church has played a foresighted and honorable role; it sensed popular anger at dictatorships in Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela, and stood quietly but firmly against them. Last week the church in Cuba shifted adroitly into opposition to Strongman Fulgencio Batista by calling

for a "national-unity government" to replace his. By contrast, the U.S. State Department has sometimes had an unhappy knack of appearing to back the dictators. Former Inter-American Affairs Chief Henry Holland publicly hailed Perón as a "great Argentine." Secretary of State Dulles took time during one of his two visits to Latin America to pay a courtesy call on Colombia's Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, since kicked out. The recent U.S. Ambassador to Venezuela, beaming Dempster McIntosh, was photographed in the foolish act of making Venezuela's Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez an "honorary member of the U.S. submarine fleet."

The U.S. as a nation has not looked bad; Aramburu admired the U.S. Army's "democratic spirit," and the Venezuelan revolt was touched off by U.S.-trained Air Force officers who learned to like U.S. political institutions. But a wry comment is heard around Latin America of late: "Why can't the State Department be as democratic as the Vatican?"

ARGENTINA

Debt to the Dictator

Even before the final returns were in last week, followers of ousted Dictator Juan Perón began talking loudly of their payoff for handing Argentina's presidency to Lawyer Arturo Frondizi (TIME, March 3). Just as quickly, the 49-year-old President-elect began hedging. There was no



Associated Press
ARAMBURU & FRONDISI
A gift of necessity from Perón.

doubt that Frondizi owed his victory to the exiled strongman; whether it was a collectible debt remained to be seen.

Disciplined Disciples. The vote totals, compared with constituent assembly elections last July, told the story. Last week leftist Radical Frondizi pulled approximately 4,000,000 ballots with Perón's backing. His top opponent, moderate Radical Ricardo Balbín, got 2,500,000. Last July, when Perón's disciples cast more than 2,000,000 blank protest ballots, Balbín beat Frondizi, 2,100,000 to 1,800,000.

Perón handed Argentina to Frondizi through necessity rather than choice. If the dictator had let his blank-vote order stand, it would have opened the door to odious comparisons between the impres-

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

ARTURO FRONDISI is the 13th of 14 children born to a road and bridge contractor who moved to Argentina in the great migration from Italy in the 1890s. Born in the northern province of Corrientes, he reached the University of Buenos Aires in time to choose between the fashionable political trends of Argentina in the late '20s: the right-wing nationalists led by the Prussianized army, and the University leftists. Frondizi turned left, went in for Marx and Kropotkin—but pulled up short of becoming a socialist or Communist. Instead, he breezed through law school in three years and turned down the school's Diploma of Honor because it was to have been presented by a military dictator who had just toppled the ruling Radicals.

This gesture gave him entrée into Radical politics, but in the '30s he contented himself mostly with practicing law, reading history and economics (notably Lord Keynes). He opposed Juan Perón from the dictator's first appearance on the national scene. Frondizi joined Radical Chieftain Ricardo Balbín in leading the dogged Radical bloc (44 members) in the Perón-dominated Congress (160 members).

All Things . . . Balbín and Frondizi ran against Perón in 1955 as Radical candidates for President and Vice President, were overwhelmed by the Peronista machine. Tenaciously, Frondizi set himself to work for another chance. His voice blasted at Perón on dark streets to little knots of approving Radicals. When the dictator eased up just before his fall in 1955, he chose Frondizi to speak for the opposition. Said Frondizi: the Radicals stand for the right "to think, to profess religion, to meet, to publish ideas."

After Perón's fall, Frondizi expertly maneuvered Balbín out of the Radical leadership. He won financing from industrialists by promising high tariffs; he won support from the Catholic Church by spurning the Radicals' advocacy of legalized divorce; he won Socialist and Communist approval by promises to expand the nationalization of oil, steel, rail, mining, telephone and power. He sharply attacked General Pedro Aramburu's provisional government, which gave him his chance to run. "Where do you stand?" he was asked once as he left Aramburu's office. "Just across the street," answered Frondizi. But he took pains to plant the idea that the armed forces would never suffer under President Frondizi.

. . . to All Voters. Most of all, Frondizi did not refer to his record as a Perón fighter, promised to bring Peronistas back into Argentina's political life. That may have cleared the way for his endorsement by Perón. Balbín, tagged as the traditionally suspected "official" candidate, and running on the ticket of a Radical splinter party, could not match the competition.

Frondizi is a cool intellectual who frowns more than he smiles, reads widely, speaks articulately and unemotionally. He stands a straight 6 ft., wears the alert expression of a pawnbroker examining a watch. He scorns tobacco, shows only mild interest in Argentina's famed beef and wines, bypasses most social occasions, reserves much of his personal warmth for his wife and daughter Elena, 20. His picture of the U.S., which he has never visited, is molded by intense admiration for Lincoln, modified by such reading as *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Tobacco Road*. Argentina's international position, says President-Elect Frondizi is "among the Western powers, geographically and culturally."

A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



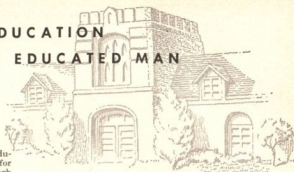
A message from Mortimer J. Adler, Ph.D.
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



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sive total he chalked up in July and an almost certainly less impressive total last week. He could not back Balbin, who was likely to carry on the anti-Perón policies of Provisional President Pedro Aramburu. Frondizi, who openly wooed Peronista votes, was the only possible choice.

Good Old Days. The 1,500,000 who obeyed the back-Frondizi order were the remnants of the massive Peronista labor movement. Perón built the movement by pampering the workers with inflationary wage boosts, and was overthrown before they reaped the economic ruin he had sown. Now pinched by Aramburu's austere battle to rebuild the damaged economy, the workers fondly recall the good old days, never dream of blaming Perón for the mess he left behind.

Despite the fact that he would have preferred Balbin, Aramburu will doubtless be happy to turn the country over to Frondizi on inauguration day, May 1. Day after the election Aramburu invited Frondizi to share a radio and television address to the nation, publicly embraced him on camera. That evening he took the winner home to dinner, later turned a Commerce Ministry office over to the President-elect as temporary headquarters while he studied the country's problems.

Campaign Promises. The Peronistas did not give Frondizi long to enjoy the feeling of relief that washed through the country once the election had run its orderly course. They noisily demanded full legality for their party, restoration of its funds, and return of all exiles—including their leader.

Frondizi dodged nimbly, denied that he owed anything to Perón, said it was up to Congress to decide whether exiles will be allowed to come home. When he takes over, the new President will probably be forced to allow the Peronistas some sort of legal status, but he can draw the line at the return of Perón and his chief lieutenants on the ground that they have been charged with common crimes.

GUATEMALA

Good Impression

"Why have you come to Washington?" a U.S. newsman asked last week. "To show," replied Guatemala's President-elect Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes with a smile, "that I am not the rightist monster I have been painted."

Behind the smile, Ydigoras was very much in earnest. A onetime follower of Dictator Jorge Ubico (1931-44), Ydigoras had fought two elections in the past four months. When he ran behind in the first, his followers cried fraud, rioted in the streets and forced the government to nullify the results. With the support of an amalgam of big landlords and conservative Roman Catholics, he won the second election six weeks ago with a 39% of the vote in a four-man race. But until the victory was confirmed by Congress, the threat of mob violence hung over Guatemala City. For the sake of future good relations with the U.S., Ydigoras had some bad publicity to live down.

Ydigoras, 62, was the first Latin American chief of state, incumbent or elected, to visit Washington in over two years, and his welcome was warm. It grew even warmer when the visitor made it plain that he had not come begging. At breakfast with President Eisenhower in the White House, he spoke gratefully of some \$80 million worth of dollar aid given his assassinated predecessor, U.S.-favored Carlos Castillo Armas. With about \$35 million of the aid funds still unspent, Ydigoras said that the only additional aid he might need would be a relatively modest sum for fighting malaria and hookworm disease. He told State Department Inter-American Affairs Chief Roy Rubottom that he planned to spend money on agriculture, rural resettlement and roadbuilding. With World Bank President Eugene

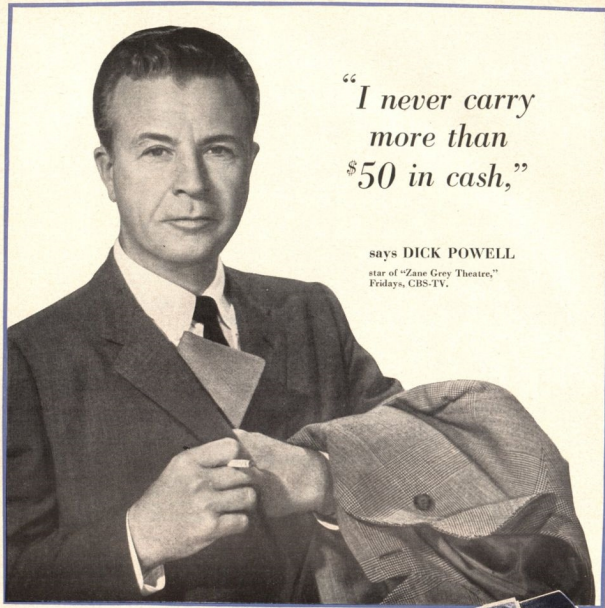


Walter Bonnett
YDIGORAS & FRIEND AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Who's a rightist monster?

Black he brought up two other pet projects: electric power and port improvement. Even after the \$35 million is used up, the emphasis would most likely be on businesslike loans instead of giveaway grants.

Meeting the press, Ydigoras showed confidence and moderation. "I believe in free unions," he said, "but many of our unions were infiltrated by Communists—especially the boards of directors. I believe there should be periodic elections to ensure against continued rule by corrupt men." As for Communism itself, he said, "Guatemala [under Red-dyed President Jacobo Arbenz] was like a small girl who caught smallpox. After the disease was over the scars remained. Now the scars are beginning to disappear."

Ydigoras continued building his good impression as guest of honor at an Organization of American States luncheon, left for home to keep an important engagement: his inauguration, which went off with simple dignity this week in the National Congress building.



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United Press

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Her memory whetted by the news that **Mamie Eisenhower** had retreated into the beauty-rejuvenating cloisters of Arizona's "Maine Chance" (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Musicomedienne **Beatrice Lillie**, 59, mused on her own stint in the rise-at-7:30, lights-out-at-10:30 Elizabeth Arden camp: "Miss Separate Table, that was me. Everyone else was dieting. I was trying to put on some weight." Then with gusto Bea recalled: "One night some of us—and I won't say which—sneaked out the window, past the guards and rushed into Phoenix. There was a loud bar there and a very real cowboy. It was wonderful. He didn't know who I was, and all I know about him was that he was very big and kissed me good night. We got back to the ranch about 4 in the morning, and it was just like sneaking back into stir."

In Manhattan to ballyhoo the film version of his often-bellittled, sometime-banned (still taboo in Massachusetts) bestselling (more than 8,000,000 copies) novel, *God's Little Acre*, earthy Novelist **Erskine Caldwell** hoppedscotched between TV appearances, radio talks and press interviews. Once an oversexed tale about Georgia crackers, the tied-up movie version will glow with the Motion Picture Association of America's seal of purity. Says onetime Georgia Cracker Caldwell: "Why not? It's a family picture."

In a rare get-together for the public record, The Netherlands' royal family posed in Amsterdam for an informal portrait showing **Prince Bernhard** soundly outnumbered in the female palace. Then **Princess Beatrix**, 20, oldest daughter of

Queen Juliana, scampered off to visit the Western Hemisphere's Dutch territories. Moved by the overwhelming "cordiality of the people" in The Netherlands' Antilles and Surinam, the princess, slated to become The Netherlands' third queen in a row, was gripped with a tinge of guilt. Wrote she: "How poignant is the contrast between people here and our own lack of interest."

Barely thawed out from a five-month antarctic expedition, Australian-born Explorer **Sir Hubert Wilkins** felt it was

® From left: Princesses Margriet, Marijke, Irene, Queen Juliana, Princess Beatrix, Prince Bernhard.



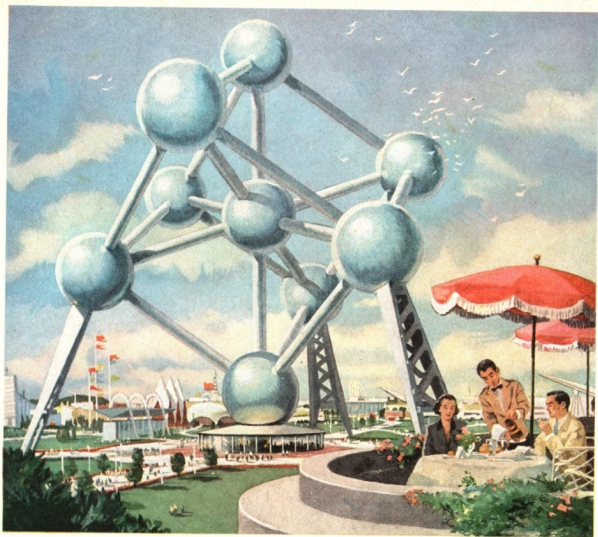
N.Y. Journal-American-International
EXPLORER & LADY WILKINS
A woman's way.

time to leave New York and to head for his Montrose, Pa. home. Lady Wilkins put off the new expedition, objected that Montrose was too cold and too bogged down in snow, revealed that her bearded husband, who has been shutting between the North and South Poles since 1913, "doesn't like cold weather and never has."

Planted in front of Chicago's television cameras, Tennessee's Governor **Frank Clement**, 37, took some blunt battering from usually kid-gloved Interviewer Norman Ross. Asked if he enlisted in the Army in World War II to help his political career, the corn-shucking 1956 Democratic keynoter shucked no corn. "Yes, sir," he said. "I thought it would help."

As the snow turned into slush, a hint of spring tinged the air, and romance was off again, on again. Collared in mink and hatted in velvet, Cinematress **Paulette Goddard**, 42, beaming on an old beau she had met in the late '30s in Branford, Conn., took as her fourth husband German-born Novelist **Erich Maria (All Quiet on the Western Front) Remarque**, 59. In Las Vegas, onetime Queen-for-a-day **Leona Gage**, 18, who got bounced from the Miss U.S.A. throne last year for being a married woman, did her own bouncing: she divorced Air Force Sergeant Gene Ennis. Now a Tropicana Hotel show girl making \$200 a week, the leggy brunette got only \$25 a month for support of her two children. Another airman, moon-faced Space Man **Donald Farrell**, 23, of the Bronx, turned out to have an ex-bride and a 4½-year-old daughter. To Farrell, his feet barely steady after an imaginative seven-day excursion through space (in a grounded chamber in Texas), the revelation meant that his penpal romance with a Niagara Falls secretary was "up in the air." An expert on more earthly pleasures, bestselling Novelist **Grace Metalious**, 33, popped into an Alabama court, picked up a quickie divorce from husband George, three days later married her longtime friend, ex-Disk Jockey Thomas Martin, 33. Said the unblinking authoress of the unblinking *Peyton Place*: Martin "was the only man in my world who made me feel intensely female. A stallion type."

To British film leaders, alarmed over the advance of TV, **Prince Philip** brought soothing words. Said he at a dinner of the British Film Academy: "I don't think books have suffered much from magazine competition. I don't see why films, which are, after all, animated books, should suffer from television, which is simply an animated magazine." Later in an arduous week, the Prince scratched himself from a tiddlywinks joust to which he had been challenged by the Cambridge University team. He said with regret that he would have liked to lead his team, the Goons, but "unfortunately, while practicing secretly, I pulled an important muscle in the second or tiddly joint of my winking finger. Wink up, fiddle the game, and may the Goon side win."



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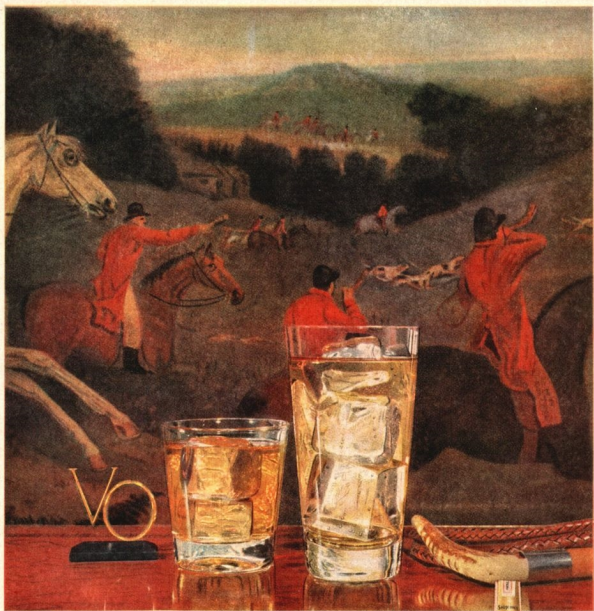
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MUSIC

Merely Excellent

The trick in *Otello*, the great tragic opera of Verdi's old age, is to pile into Scene 1 at full emotional gallop and to keep at it without flagging for three hours. Both vocally and dramatically, it is one of the most difficult works in all opera, as Verdi himself acknowledged ("This Iago," he said grandly, "is humanity"). Last week, after a lapse of two years, the Metropolitan Opera tackled *Otello* and achieved a performance that did justice to Verdi's looming vision. It also served as a reminder that the Met is having a brilliant season, one of its greatest in years.

Fausto Cleva, not the Met's liveliest conductor, this time set his singers a brisk pace, never permitted any sagging in the supple vocal line that Verdi skillfully stitched through Arrigo Boito's libretto. As Othello, Tenor Mario del Monaco sailed onstage in full joyous shout in his "Esdulate," and from there on through his Act III explosion of jealous rage, never pausing to be subtle, kept the house ringing and the stage dark with passion. Baritone Leonard Warren as Iago proved again his ability to soar dramatically or modulate to a mahogany pianissimo, invested his role with an air of sly innuendo that it often lacks. As Desdemona, velvet-voiced Soprano Victoria de los Angeles took her time warming up, but was in soaring form by the third act's grand ensemble scene; her heavy acting was forgotten as she gave the *Willow Song* and *Ave Maria* in Act IV a purity and emotional gloss that held the house in a misty-eyed hush.

At least one critic, the New York *World-Telegram* and *The Sun*'s Louis Biancolli, confessed that the last act had reduced him to tears. Such weeping not-

withstanding, it was not the greatest *Otello* in Met history. Nor did it have the special attraction of Maria Callas (who scored a triumph the following night as the most convincing and moving *Tosca* of her time). *Otello* was merely excellent—and significant precisely because it was the kind of topnotch production that Rudolf Bing's Met can mount any night of the week it has a mind to.

Vegas & All

The voice has a pump-organ quaver and a soft adolescent fuzz on it, the phrasing is smooth, and the sentiments belting from the jukeboxes hit the pop fans right where they love to live:

*I'm on fire
Let your lips caress me
My desire
Is that you possess me . . .
Lover, come to me.*

The invitation is from a ballad called *Come to Me*, and the voice that has boosted it onto the charts belongs to Negro Singer Johnny Mathis. With the help of some canny promotion, 22-year-old Singer Mathis has also boosted himself during the past year into the most valuable new property in show business. Last week, for the sake of "prestige" (and \$2,000 a week plus a percentage of the take), Johnny checked into the Venetian Room of San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel and showed the home-town folks how he had made it big so fast.

Jumping High. Johnny gave San Francisco a little of everything. Dressed in a shadow-striped, tuxedo-style suit with smudgy white bow tie, he hit *Looking at You* with a rubbery, infectious beat, breathed out *There Goes My Heart* in one elastic sigh, quavered in a high, thin



SINGER MATHIS AT THE FAIRMONT
Hitting them where they love.

falsetto through *My One and Only Love*. His phrasing was fresh, his direction irreproachable, his dramatic sense unflinching. But it was the intimate, haunting quality of his voice that brought the audience alive. It has a kind of choir-boy innocence hooked with a Cole Porter leer.

When Johnny left San Francisco two years ago, his chief claim to fame was as a high-jump star (6 ft. 5½ in.) at San Francisco State College. The son of a chauffeur, Johnny once took operatic coaching but prepared in college for a teaching career (English). In his spare time, he picked up pin money singing in local clubs and with a semiprofessional opera group. Helen Noga, co-owner of San Francisco's famed Black Hawk nightclub, heard him, introduced him to Columbia Records' George Avakian. His first successful single, *Wonderful, Wonderful*, sat around for several months before it began lighting boards in San Francisco and Boston. It climbed the charts, catapulted Johnny into a career that should bring him \$500,000 this year.

Running Hard. Johnny and Manager Noga are playing the big time with all the care and finesse of deep-sea fishermen hooked into prize tuna. Johnny has abandoned his ambition to be a pure jazz singer ("not profitable"), has carefully cultivated the delicate art of wooing local disk jockeys. So far, he has been seasoning himself in small clubs, avoiding the gaudier barns on the theory that "I haven't yet got the ability of a Lena Horne to take a thousand people and bring them down to the size of a fist."

Johnny confidently plans to be "a rich man in three years," and the best way to make it, he figures, is to become "a singing actor" like Sinatra. That way, he says, staring wide with, artless eyes across the table and shooting out his moonstone cuff links, "I could make one film and Vegas and have it all."



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New Records

One of the strangest operas ever put on vinyl is Atonalist Arnold Schoenberg's **Moses and Aron** (Columbia, 3 LPs), which is partly a music drama based on *Exodus*, partly a musical essay on the nature of God. The opera's fascinating conflict develops between Moses, whose heart knows the Word his tongue cannot utter, and his brother Aron, who speaks glibly but substitutes for Moses' harsh and humble vision of God the opiate of a comforting father figure. To Aron, God is joy, to Moses He is awe. Moses' anguished faith can admit only of a God who is "omnipresent, unperceived and inconceivable." Aron seeks only "a vision of highest fantasy" and his quest leads to the abomination of the Golden Calf.

Schoenberg's music, at times hideously difficult, underscores the contrast: it is at its sweetest and most melodic in Act II when the people of Israel prostrate themselves before the Calf, at its harshest when Moses struggles with his hard faith. In the arguments of Moses and Aron, the brasses snarl, the chiseled strings shriek in a web of complicated polyphony. The score is made more difficult by Schoenberg's technique of interlocking choral and solo parts in an almost unintelligible cacophony. The Columbia recording (conducted by Germany's Hans Rosbaud) demonstrates that Composer Schoenberg may have been right when he noted that his opera was 50 years ahead of its time. But it also introduces listeners to a work of raw, flogging emotional power.

Other new records:

Guido Cantelli (Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel). Five months before he was killed in a plane crash in 1956, young Conductor Cantelli, No. 1 protégé of the great Toscanini, spent several days recording in London. This posthumous disk presents Cantelli's remarkably fresh reading of a couple of concert clichés: Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé Suite #2*. Strained through Cantelli's clear musical consciousness, the lush music flows out simply, movingly, and with none of the sudy emotional film that so often clouds it.

Ponchielli: La Gioconda (Anita Cerquetti, Franca Sacchi, Mario del Monaco, Cesare Siepi, Giulietta Simionato, Ettore Bastianini; conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni; London, 3 LPs). A first-rate cast gives a racy reading to Amilcare Ponchielli's old campaigner from Venice, proves that there is a lot more to it than its pop-concert *Dance of the Hours*. Mellow-voiced Soprano Cerquetti gives a superb performance as "the joyous female" of the title role who loses her blind mother and her lover before she plunges a dagger in her heart. Tenor del Monaco sings so gustily that he conceals the fact his Grimaldi is the most haggard hero in opera.

Prokofiev: Lieutenant Kijé (Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner; RCA Victor). The most durable of modern movie scores gets a chiseled performance by Conductor Reiner's fine orchestra, which admirably illuminates all



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of the music's dry wit without detracting from its romping exuberance.

Beethoven: Fidelio (Leonie Rysanek, Irmgard Seefried, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Ernst Häfliger, with the Bavarian State Orchestra and Opera Chorus, conducted by Ferenc Fricsay; Decca, 2 LPs). Beethoven's only opera, which he polished and honed for nearly a dozen years ("Of all my children," he said on his deathbed, "it cost me the worst birth pangs") benefits from an artfully shaped, low-throttled performance by Conductor Fricsay and from Baritone Fischer-Dieskau's powerfully poisonous performance as Pizarro. Viennese Soprano Rysanek as Leonora is less successful, rarely projects the steely image of a girl prepared to beard a vengeful tyrant to save the man she loves. The recording includes the spoken dialogue, but suffers a dramatic dislocation: it is handled by actors whose characterizations often contradict those of the singers.

Goeb: Symphony #3 (Leopold Stokowski and his Orchestra; Composers Recordings, Inc.). A brisk, dissonant, polyrhythmic excursion by one of the least predictable of contemporary U.S. composers. Splashed with instrumental color, pricked by syncopation, the piece has all the bracing effect of a Finnish bath.

Puccini: Turandot (Maria Callas, Giuseppe Nessi, Nicola Zaccaria, Eugenio Fernandi, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with the La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Tullio Serafin; Angel, 3 LPs). Soprano Callas kindles Puccini's ice-edged heroine to a white-hot flame, and Tenor Fernandi cleaves the uneasy air with a voice like a broadsword. Conductor Serafin works spacious, shimmering wonders in a stunning reading of Puccini's last score.

Ives: Symphony #3 and Three Places in New England (Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Howard Hanson; Mercury). Insurance Commissioner Charles Ives's *Third Symphony* lay for 35 years in his Connecticut barn before it was performed and belatedly awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1947, seven years before he died. Shot through with snatches of Presbyterian hymns out of Ives's church-organist background, it sings with broad melody, resolves quietly and movingly in the fading sound of "distant church bells." By contrast, *Three Places* displays most of the characteristics—the cantankerous rhythms, log-cabin rude dissonances, bristling harmonies—that made Ives the most revolutionary and least performed American composer of his time.

Rossini: Petite Messe Solennelle (Soloists and chorus, conducted by Renato Fasano; Angel, 2 LPs). On the final page of the composition he called "the last mortal Sin of my old age," Rossini addressed his Lord: "I was born for opera buffa, as Thou knowest. Little skill and some heart, that about sums it up. Blessed be Thou and grant me Paradise." His two-hour *Petite Messe* often smacks more of opera stage than altar, contains some rich choral climaxes and rousing solo parts, shows more than a little skill on the part of composer and performers.

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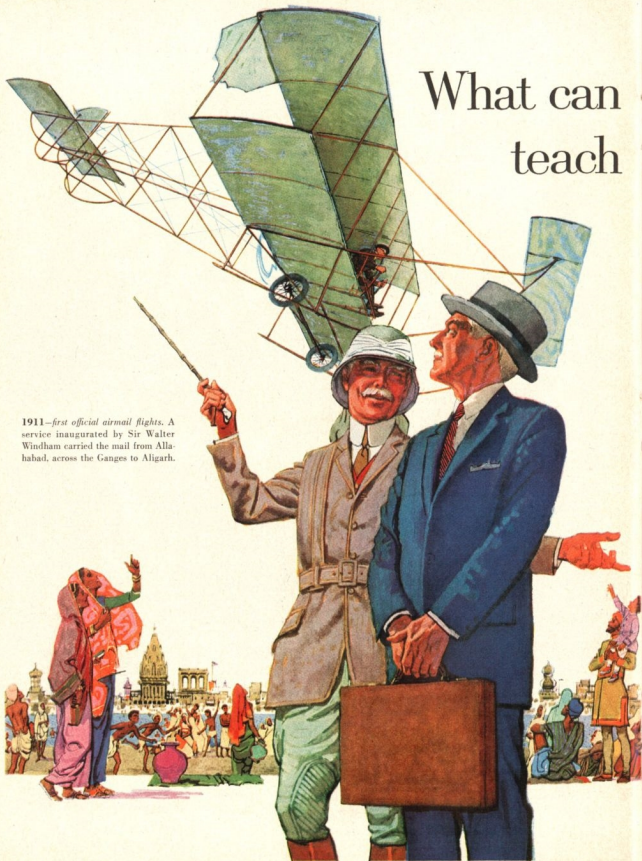


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MEDICINE

Vaccine for Measles

A vaccine against measles is at last in sight. This momentous news was announced last week to a Manhattan conference of virus experts by Harvard's famed Virologist John Franklin Enders, winner of a Nobel Prize for developing the tissue-culture foundation on which the Salk polio vaccine was built.

Measles has been around so long and is so nearly universal among dense populations that it is widely regarded as an unavoidable childhood disease. But measles



Verner Reed—LIFE

VIROLOGIST ENDERS
From a monkey's antibodies.

is a severe illness, definitely dangerous for children under three and for adults; it can lead to pneumonia and severe middle-ear infections (though in well-doctored areas these are now contained by antibiotics). It can also cause brain inflammation with high (10%) mortality and a higher rate of permanent damage; there is a fulminating (fortunately rare) form called hemorrhagic or black measles that swiftly causes death.

Choosy Virus. What has held up the men of medicine in developing a vaccine against measles is the finicky nature of the virus. Man alone seems to be its natural host. The only lower species that can be infected with it are monkeys. For years, researchers reported growing measles virus in other animals or fertilized eggs, only to have the submicroscopic particles vanish. This line of attack proved so disappointing that Dr. Enders (Ph.D.) gave it up 20 years ago.

With tissue culture (1949) the picture changed. Last week Enders spelled out the many immensely detailed steps that began with growing the virus (from patients' throats or blood) in human kidney cells. Along the way it was found that the virus

caused sharply defined changes in the growth pattern of the cells on which it battened. This led to a valuable and simple test for showing the presence of live virus and also measuring immunity. For the live test in monkeys, Dr. Enders found, he had to get the animals by air, hot from the Philippine jungle, to make sure they had not been accidentally infected.

Unto the 72nd Generation. Finally. Researcher Enders picked a virus strain that had gone through 24 crops in human kidney cells and 28 in cells from the amniotic sac ("bag of waters"). By then, it would grow in eggs. He grew six crops that way and 14 in chick-cell cultures. With this end product he inoculated fresh, measles-free monkeys. The weakened virus lived a while in their throats but never multiplied in their blood. The monkeys developed antibodies which, months later, still gave protection. One major problem remained: to show that the weakened virus, which might be used as a vaccine, cannot cause encephalitis. Enders' research teams at Harvard Medical School and Boston's Children's Hospital are in the midst of that task, with results to date encouraging.

Even with the aid of the public-address system, soft-spoken Researcher Enders was scarcely audible at last week's meeting. But when he had finished, Cincinnati's Dr. Albert Sabin yelled: "John, you've done it again!" The assembled virologists broke ranks, stood and cheered him.

From Ambulances to Allergy

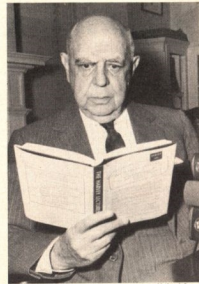
When Robert Anderson Cooke was eight he went to live on the family farm at Holmdel, N.J., soon began to suffer severe asthma, especially after a visit to the stables. It got better when he was sent away to school. An M.D. at 24 (his family's fourth-generation physician), Intern Cooke was assigned to ride ambulances for Manhattan's Presbyterian Hospital. After each call he was gasping and choking, needed Adrenalin. Reason: this was 1905-06, the ambulances were horse-drawn, and young Cooke's asthma was caused by horse dandruff.

Last week, 78-year-old Dr. Cooke, as guest of honor at a physicians' dinner in Manhattan, told how he had parlayed his equine asthma into one of medicine's newest, most prosperous specialties: allergy. Though the word had been coined in 1906, the condition had been rated a mere "idiosyncrasy" until Dr. Cooke applied himself to it. Sharpest impetus for his work came in 1908 when, after exposure to a patient's diphtheria, he got a shot of antitoxin that was produced in horse serum. Before the needle was out, Dr. Cooke was in a bad way. It took prompt Adrenalin to save him from death by anaphylactic shock.

Medical opinion at the time held that such reactions came about because the offending substance was poisonous. But Cooke noted that many people had taken

horse-serum extracts with no harm; some were sensitive to pollens while others were not; most remarkable, he got patients who broke out in hives whenever they ate certain foods. He welcomed those difficult, sniffing patients for whose distress there was no obvious cause. Dr. Cooke was on the track of sensitization and desensitization.

An early and prime example of his medical detective work: a boy who had been asthmatic while living in Coney Island got relief when the family moved to Manhattan. But he had a severe relapse after his parents got some furniture out of storage. Among the items, Dr. Cooke found, were the boy's favorite heavy pil-



United Press

ALLERGIST COOKE
From a horse's dandruff.

lows. They were filled with rabbit fur from Europe, to which he was sensitive.

In 1918 Allergy Detective Cooke was ready for large-scale practice, opened the world's first asthma and hay-fever clinic for New York Hospital; renamed Institute of Allergy, it is now attached to Roosevelt Hospital. The institute has spawned a total of 71 similar clinics in New York City alone; the U.S. now has 1,500 allergy specialists, as many as the rest of the world.

Celebrating his organization's 40th anniversary last week, Dr. Cooke foresaw a day when current tedious desensitization measures will be abolished. Instead of merely neutralizing allergy reactions, he believes, his successors will be able to switch off the cause of allergy itself. Meanwhile, Dr. Cooke has managed to desensitize himself to horses, enjoys life on his farm in Scobeyville, N.J.

Against Clots & Rats

Arthur D. Schulte, son of the developer of the Schulte national chain of cigar stores, was making rapid strides in his father's footsteps when, at 32, he fell ill with thrombophlebitis—inflammation of



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leg veins, with formation of clots that could be fatal if they reached the lungs. That was 20 years ago. Schulte's physician, Dr. Irving Wright, casting around for a drug to prevent clot formation (none had yet been proved effective in man), appealed to Nobel prizewinner Charles H. Best, co-discoverer of insulin. He wanted some of the heparin that University of Toronto laboratories had just begun to extract from beef lungs and liver. Dr. Best sent all he could spare.

In little more than two weeks, Patient Schulte's condition improved and the clotting appeared checked. Since then he has had infrequent, mild recurrences, has led an active life. From the presidency of Park & Tilford, Arthur Schulte moved to investment banking in Wall Street. Last week, in gratitude for heparin's help, ex-Patient Schulte footed the bills for a Manhattan conference staged by the New York Heart Association on progress in anticoagulant drugs.

From Rotten Clover, Heparin has had a distinguished history since Schulte's early case, has proved invaluable in a variety of conditions where clotting is a danger, notably after a patient has already had a heart attack or stroke from a thrombus (clot). Heparin's advantage over most rival anticlotting drugs: it acts immediately. Its disadvantages: it is expensive and must be injected under the skin or infused into a vein.

While physicians were learning to make the best use of heparin, Agriculturist Karl Paul Link and fellow researchers at the University of Wisconsin discovered another potent anticoagulant, dicoumarin, in rotted sweet clover (TIME, Feb. 14, 1944), which had been killing cattle. It is still widely used for long-term treatment of thrombosis patients, because it can be given handily by mouth. But the Wisconsin labs have synthesized more than 100 related substances, and one of these, Link suggested, would make a safe and deadly rat poison. He was right. Named warfarin,* it is usually applied to bait grain. Unsuspecting rats keep on eating it, eventually die of internal bleeding. In the U.S., said Link last week, 70,000 tons of warfarin-poisoned bait have been used without a single human death and with few accidents.

Best Testimonial. Physicians who had no objection to using a drug made from rotted clover that killed cattle were more wary of one touted as a rat poison. But warfarin, believes Chemist Link, is the best anticoagulant now available: it can be used in smaller doses than dicoumarin; it can be given by mouth, by injection or rectally. It works fairly rapidly, and an overdose can be promptly canceled with a form of vitamin K. Best testimonial to its safety: Chemist Link disclosed that warfarin is the anticoagulant (unnamed by Press Secretary James Hagerty) that President Eisenhower has been taking since his heart attack.

* Not from warfare, but from the initials of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, plus the -arin ending of the coumarin family.

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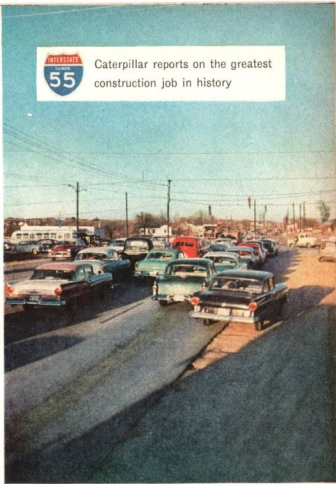
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Caterpillar reports on the greatest construction job in history

NEW BUT ALREADY OUT OF DATE, this highway was built to speed traffic. Is instead a slow, dangerous, expensive waste of money. Cars and trucks pull on and off it constantly. Traffic cuts across it. And congestion grows gradually worse.

BUY A HIGHWAY—NOT A BOTTLENECK

New roads are built for one purpose: to carry a planned number of vehicles from one place to another. The day a new highway begins to fall short of its planned capacity, that day the tax money invested in the new road begins to be wasted. This will not happen with the freeways planned for our nation's essential National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. Here's why.

On conventional highways, traffic can cross or enter or leave wherever there's a driveway. Unplanned access roads soon lead to the highway. Traffic lights go up. The strain of stop-and-go driving gets nastier. In five

short years the “new” highway loses 50% of its efficiency. *Half the tax dollars that built it go down the drain.* Losses in lives and property mount.

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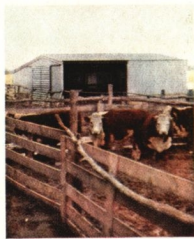
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SPORT

Death on the Malecón

As the world's No. 1 road-racing driver, Juan Manuel Fangio is an old friend to danger. The 46-year-old Argentine has seen its blurred face in the swirling landscape of a hundred tracks, known its angry snarl whenever his sports car skidded through a tight turn. But one evening last week he stared at danger in a new form; the muzzle of a pistol. Poking the weapon at him in the lobby of Havana's Hotel Lincoln was a tall young man in a leather jacket. "Fangio, you must come with me," he ordered. "I am a member of the 26th of July revolutionary movement." One of Fangio's friends picked up a paperweight and cocked his arm. The pistol moved alertly. "Stay still!" its owner said. "If you move, I'll shoot." Fangio went obediently to a waiting car and was whisked off.

In town to race in the *Gran Premio de Cuba*, Fangio was himself the prize of no ordinary kidnapers. His captors rushed to tell the world who they were, as they launched a week of revolutionary sabotage right in President Fulgencio Batista's front yard (see HEMISPHERE). No sooner had they hidden the racing ace than they were bragging to the newspapers: If President Batista wanted to hustle up the tourist trade with a big sports-car race next day, he would do it without Argentina's defending champion.

Steak & Fear. Fidel Castro's rebels embarrassed the authorities, but the race went on. Next afternoon the cars were ready, the Malecón that curves along Havana's lovely coastline had been cleared. A crowd of 150,000 lined the broad boulevard. The Cuban National Sports Commission delayed the race for more than an hour while local cops ran down false rumors of Fangio's release. Then France's Maurice Trintignant slid into Fangio's empty seat in a blue Maserati, and the

big buckets of power were sent careening around the 3½-mile course.

Fangio, meanwhile, was under guard in a comfortably furnished apartment. He had eaten well (steak and potatoes, chicken and rice), and he had slept "like a blessed one." Faustino Pérez, Castro's second in command, had come personally to apologize for the inconvenience. The rebels even supplied a radio so that Fangio might listen to the race. But he preferred not to. "I became a little sentimental," he said. "I did not want to listen because I felt nostalgic." Yet Fangio was also fearful that his life was endangered, not by his abductors but by a clash that might come at any moment between them and the police.

Turn to Trouble. On the Malecón, the danger more familiar to Fangio began to haunt his fellow racers as they whirled into the long (3½ miles) grind. Britain's Stirling Moss took the lead in a Ferrari, Missourian Masten Gregory, driving another Ferrari, was second, Fangio's Maserati, in Trintignant's hands, fell far back to 13th place. By the end of five laps, all the drivers saw that almost every turn was slick with spilled oil; they knew that they were in for trouble.

Next time around, Cuba's Armando García Cifuentes, 27, met trouble head-on. His bright yellow-and-black Ferrari skidded out of a shallow turn and tore into the crowd. It spewed up at least 40 casualties, including seven dead. In its wake lay empty shoes; spectators had been knocked right out of them. Said Porsche Driver Ulf Noriden, who stopped his car and ran back to help: "I couldn't even see the Ferrari. The bodies were piled all over. I was wading in arms and legs." Panicky survivors swarmed across the Malecón, careless of the still racing cars, and police swung their billies to keep the mob in check. Just 15 minutes after it started, the race was called off.

Stirling Moss, who held the lead, was declared winner.

After that, Fangio had no trouble talking his captors into turning him over to the Argentine embassy. "Well," he philosophized, "this is one more adventure. If what the rebels did was in a good cause, then I, as an Argentine, accept it."

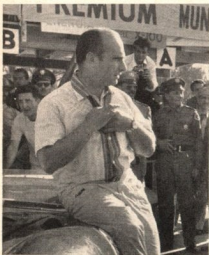
Person or Persons. Satisfied that the oil slick was not rebel sabotage, the authorities placed all the blame for the accident on Driver Cifuentes, who was barely alive in a hospital. He was charged with manslaughter. Criminal charges were also filed against the "person or persons unknown" who kidnaped Fangio. No one found it worthwhile to criticize the "person or persons who" permitted the crowd to line the trackside, i.e., the National Sports Commission, headed by Brigadier General Roberto Fernández Miranda, who is President Batista's brother-in-law.

Rogues' Gallery

From Pinsk to Prague, it was open season last week on errant Iron Curtain athletes. Cops and customs guards were putting the arm on muscular heroes for all the little illegal adventures that were once a proletarian winner's prerogatives.

Time was when Russia's light-fingered lady discus thrower, Nina Ponomaryeva, could lift a couple of hats from a London department store (TIME, Sept. 10, 1956) and rate hardly a slap on the wrist from her commissar chaperons. Nina was needed for the Olympics. But the party line has changed. Last week Czechoslovakia's table-tennis champion, Ivan Andreadis, was "temporarily disqualified" from the national team for "unsportsmanlike behavior." His bourgeois crime: Ivan "forgot" to report a large hunk of his earnings.

Teams that once returned from abroad as wholesalers of smuggled watches, ball-point pens and nylons are groaning to see their luggage picked over. Police no longer look the other way when athletes hit the bottle too hard. The roll of Communist sportsmen is fast becoming



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ing a rogues' gallery. Among those who have made the squad:

¶ Edik Streltsov, crack center forward on the Moscow Torpedo soccer team, ignored repeated warnings and became a drunk. "When Streltsov was in the hospital," reported East Berlin's *Junge Welt*, "his mother brought him not fruit or books, but vodka. The doctors objected, naturally, but the mother advised her son to secrete the bottle by suspending it from the window by a string. Neither did she make do with one bottle. She brought two." Streltsov was finally picked up by the police. His comrades voted to drop him from the national team and petitioned the Union Committee to revoke his title of "Deserving Master."

¶ Hungary's women's national basketball team produced a pair of culprits. Coach Janos Szabo was slapped with a lifetime expulsion from coaching and a one-year suspended jail sentence for smuggling 13 watches from Rio de Janeiro. Player Agnes Szabo was bounced from the team for life for smuggling 150 pairs of nylons.

¶ Poland's all-star soccer forward, Kazimierz Trampisz, is getting flayed by both Radio Warsaw and Warsaw's newspaper, *Sztandar Młodych*. His shocking behavior, say Trampisz' critics, rates him a three-year suspension. In a game at Cracow, his temper stoked with vodka, Trampisz dropped his shorts, and gesticulated at the crowd. Once before, reported the paper, "he dropped his shorts and stuck out toward the public that part of his body below the back." To make matters worse, Trampisz "is one of very few major-league soccer players with a university education."

Scoreboard

¶ From the moment he entered Madison Square Garden for the I.C. 4-A championships, Villanova's great miler, Ron Delany, 22, never seemed to stop running, though he never got around to running the mile. He had to run a qualifying heat for the 1,000-yd. title, then in the race itself made a gut-wrenching rush in the last two laps to win. Less than an hour later, he jogged out for the grueling two-mile grind, found the wind for one more of his famous finishing kicks and won by 6 yds. Still scoring records and running simply to win, Ron scored his double victory for the second year in a row, took the team title for Villanova by just 2½ points over Manhattan.

¶ Going down the stretch in a wild scramble to win Hialeah's \$135,000 Flamingo Stakes, Jockey Manuel Ycaza whipped at his bay mount, Jewel's Reward, with understandable zeal. But Jewel's Reward flinched from the lefthanded slashing, carried wide and collided with Calumet's fast-closing Tim Tam. And when Tim Tam, with Champion Willie Hartack aboard, was nosed out at the wire, Willie lodged a protest. He did not have to. The stewards were already scrutinizing the movies of the race. They decided that Tim Tam had indeed been fouled, set Jewel's Reward back to second place and named Willie's colt the winner.

SCIENCE

Over the Ice Cap

The sun was shining low in the north and the weather (10° F.) was balmy for Antarctica when Britain's Dr. Vivian E. Fuchs and his band of tractor-borne scientists paraded into Scott Station on the Ross Sea. The New Zealanders manning the station greeted them with a brass band: a trombone, washboards and garbage-can lids. Sled dogs howled a mournful welcome, and Americans from the nearby headquarters of Operation Deep Freeze presented a cake iced with the flags

was already too late, and that Fuchs had better fly out while flying was possible.

Carbon Monoxide. Laconic, methodical Scientist Fuchs, not impressed, set out in a howling blizzard for the coast 1,200 miles away. His Sno-Cats ran like sewing machines. The scientists made their elaborate observations—the purpose of the expedition—and everything seemed to be going fine when Seismologist Geoffrey Pratt suddenly collapsed. His face was bright pink with carbon monoxide poisoning from the exhaust of the Sno-Cat that he had been driving. Fuchs radioed for help and Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, U.S. Antarctic leader at McMurdo Sound, sent two Navy Neptunes with oxygen and British Physiologist Griffiths Pugh, an expert on carbon monoxide poisoning. The weather made landing impossible, but the oxygen cylinders were dropped, and Dr. Pugh gave detailed instructions by radio. Soon the sick man was better, but even while he was still sick the Sno-Cats moved on.

Crevasse. Just short of Depot 700, the nearest of the supply stations that Hillary had set up, the vehicles ran into a maze of crevasses. Two of the Sno-Cats, seriously damaged, had to be repaired in cold so bitter that the men's fingers stuck to metal. Beyond the crevasses the going got better, and the expedition reached Depot 700 on Feb. 7, where Hillary joined it by airplane.

Now the expedition's troubles were almost over. Hillary had covered the route before, and had marked a safe passage through most of the crevasses.

The weather turned bad again, but the caravan wound without disaster down a glacier on the edge of the ice cap. The Sno-Cats crossed the last crevasses in a swirling blizzard, and reached fairly level ice. The buildings of Scott Station loomed ahead on the white horizon, with their promise of hot baths and letters from home. When the first congratulations were over, Dr. Fuchs admitted that he had made one miscalculation. He had estimated in advance that he would need 100 days to cross Antarctica; he had made it in 99.

Magnetic Cooling

Missiles and spaceships may some day carry magnets to keep their noses cool when they plunge into the atmosphere. Dr. Joseph L. Neuringer of Republic Aviation Corp. has already worked out a system of magnetohydrodynamic (or hydromagnetic) insulation.

When a re-entry body hits the atmosphere at 13,000 m.p.h., a shock wave forms a few inches ahead of it. Between the wave and the body is a fast-flowing layer of air heated to something like 12,000° F. At this temperature about 2% of the air's atoms are ionized, i.e., broken into electrons and positively charged ions. The mixture, which physicists call a plasma, is a conductor of electricity.

When any conductor, either a wire or an ionized gas, is pushed across a magnetic



of Britain and New Zealand. Said bearded "Bunny" Fuchs: "We did what we set out to do." What he and his men had done was to cross hostile Antarctica, a 2,100-mile struggle through the world's worst terrain and weather, and complete the last great land journey left to the earth's explorers.

On Nov. 24, Fuchs and eleven men driving Sno-Cats and Weasels left Shackleton Station on the Weddell Sea south of South America. The 900-mile trip through unknown territory to the air-supplied U.S. base at the South Pole was a stubborn battle against blizzards and crevasses. Fuchs reached the Pole three weeks late, got a solemn warning from New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, who had come up from Scott Station after laying down supply depots. Hillary warned that the season

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field, two things happen: 1) an electric current flows through the conductor and 2) the conductor meets resistance and therefore slows down. Physicist Neuringer's proposal is to create a strong magnetic field on the front surface of the re-entry body. When ionized air flows across it, the braking action of the magnetism will make it pile up in a deeper, slower moving layer that will not transfer as much heat to the solid surface.

Neuringer figures that a magnetic field of moderate strength (3,000 gauss) should reduce heat transfer by 28%. Greater reduction might be achieved by covering the nose of the re-entry body with a material that ionizes easily. Its ions, mixing with the air, would make it a strongly conducting plasma that would be slowed more effectively by magnetism.

A Shot at the Moon

A military moon base from which a handful of earthlings dominate their native planet—or perhaps watch with despair its radioactive devastation by nuclear war—is a familiar staple of science fiction. But the moon base will not be fiction for long, says Air Force Lieut. General Donald L. (for Leander) Putt. Last week in Washington he told the House Armed Services Committee how the U.S. Air Force plans to become the U.S. Space Force and eventually occupy the moon.

First step, said Putt, one of the Air Force's topflight aviator-engineers (Carnegie Tech, Caltech) will be to use existing ballistic missiles to boost Sputnik-type satellites into orbits. The Thor can be fitted with upper stages that will launch a satellite weighing more than one ton, said Putt, and the Atlas (none has flown full range yet) can launch a two-ton satellite, or better.

Nuclear Batteries. Passing rapidly over these projects, Engineer Putt expressed enthusiasm for the military satellite that is being developed by Lockheed Aircraft Corp. under the various names of Pied Piper, ARS and Weapon System 117-L. By next July 1, he said, \$50 million will have been spent on the Pied Piper, and \$100 million more will be spent in fiscal 1959. The chief failing of present-day satellites is that their batteries run down too quickly to permit them to perform useful military duties such as worldwide reconnaissance. But the Air Force is working on four improved sources of power for satellites. One of them uses sunlight, another nuclear energy.

The real objective, of course, is manned space flight, and Putt sketched three Air Force projects headed in that direction. The first is the rocket plane X-15 (TIME, March 3), which Putt thinks can be beamed up enough to carry an orbiting human and return him to earth alive. The second is DYNA-SOAR (from "dynamic soaring"), a vehicle that will use what Putt calls "boost-glide flight." It will be boosted up like a rocket, but will have wings and controls. The pilot can permit it to orbit freely around the earth for a while, or he can bring it down into the atmosphere at will.



Walter Darran

AIRMAN PUTT

And then to really distant places.

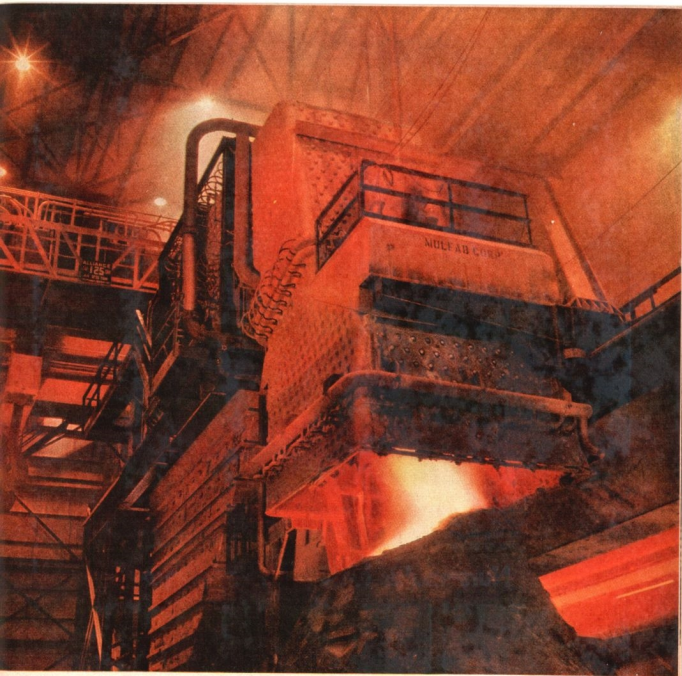
The third Air Force project is a true manned orbiter, launched from the ground as the final stage of a great rocket weighing several hundred thousand pounds. Putt does not tell much about it except that it will be "suitable for manned re-entry and recovery."

Lunar Outpost. It would not be difficult, according to General Putt, for a modified Thor to carry a radio transmitter to the moon and to mark the surface with a visible spot. "If this project were started in the next few weeks," he said, "first launch to the moon would be made this year."

Putt admits that not all experts share his belief that a military base on the moon would be useful. Since the moon's gravitation is only one-sixth as strong as the earth's, it should be easier to shoot at the earth from the moon than in the other direction. The moon's lack of atmosphere might make it possible to catapult earth-bound missiles out of deep shafts. Both the moon base and its weapon launchers could be on the far side of the moon, forever invisible from the earth, but all of the turning earth could be examined from the moon with telescopes.

Warning to his subject, General Putt explained how a lunar outpost might extract oxygen and water from the moon's minerals. "Energy would abound," he told the Congressmen, "from both solar sources and radioactive minerals."

But a base on the moon may not be the highest Air Force ambition: "We should not regard control of the moon as the ultimate means of ensuring peace among the earth nations. It is only a first step toward stations on planets far more distant... from which control over the moon might then be exercised. Nevertheless, the moon appears to be of such significance that we should not let another nation establish a military capability there ahead of us."



THE "BLOW"—EXCITING MOMENT IN MAKING BASIC OXYGEN STEEL AT J&L'S ALIQUIPPA (PA.) WORKS

PHOTO BY HARE

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TELEVISION & RADIO

Aspirin, Anyone?

TV commercials are fostering a strange new language. Last week *Variety* lumped together some specimens. There is the deodorant fortified with TD-4, the Confectioners 10-X sugar, the toothpaste containing WD-9, the motor oil boasting an "active ingredient" called Z-7. Other fortifiers, pharmaceutical gimmicks and syllabic concoctions from Madison Avenue test tubes: Gardol, Estron, Luxe, Lumium, Vionate, Bio-Dyne, Rynosec and Purscent, Liquifix, Radionics, Opaquelon, Neo-Synephine, Hydrolin, SLS, Theradan, Sarthionate and Thorexlin.

Busting Out All Over

In his native England, Playwright-Actor-Director Peter Alexander Ustinov did so little TV that one critic moaned: "Genius is going to waste. That multi-talented marvel, that compendium of comedy, has no sense of his duty to mankind—especially the part that watches TV." Luckily for viewers across the Atlantic, peripatetic Peter Ustinov is busting out all over U.S. television.

This season the portly (229 lbs.), shaggy droll with the twinkling squint has hurdled the gulf from *Omnibus* to *The \$64,000 Challenge*, popped up on *What's My Line?*, *The Last Word*, and six memorable sessions of the *Jack Paar Show*. Last week, in his second *Omnibus* show, he won hosannas for directing and starring in a television of his own satiric tragedy, *Moment of Truth*, playing a Pétain-like elder statesman with overtones of King Lear.

Wunderkind. While getting ready for his appearance this week on the *Steve Allen Show*, Ustinov (pronounced Youstinov) did a telecast for the Canadian Broadcasting Co., previewed a TV film on disarmament that he narrated for the U.N., squeezed in three interviews, a picture sitting, a lecture, a testimonial dinner, and a spot of home life in his East Side Manhattan apartment with his wife, Canadian Actress Suzanne Cloutier, and their two children. In between, he also cavorted through eight performances of his Ustinov-written Broadway comedy, *Romanoff and Juliet*, which was sagging at the box office when its run was bolstered by his spectacular TV performance as Dr. Samuel Johnson (*TIME*, Dec. 30).

At 36, Ustinov is a sort of Orson Welles rolled into one. He has 13 produced plays to his credit, two of which have reached Broadway (the first: *The Love of Four Colonels*), has acted in dozens of plays and movies, directed half a dozen more. A brilliant raconteur, ad-libber and dialectician, he speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish (plus devastatingly accurate American of several regions), gives funny, plausible imitations of languages he does not speak, e.g., Russian with a Japanese accent, can make noises like a talking dog, a bugle, a violin, flute, bassoon or harpsichord. He is half-way through the script of

a novel. And he has been doing this sort of thing for half of his life. Says Ustinov: "This talk of *Wunderkind* gets more intense as I grow older and the white hairs crop out in my beard."

Witty Sting. *Wunderkind* Ustinov was born in London, a descendant of a titled Russian who was exiled in 1868. (Peter's grandmother owned the largest caviar fishery in czarist Russia.) His father, a German citizen, was a journalist, spent 14 years as press attaché at the German embassy in London. Peter drifted out of school in his teens and into London cabarets, where his mocking monologues kid-



PETER USTINOV
Orson Welles rolled into one.

ded diplomats and aristocrats, prima donnas and generals. At an irreverent 18, he enchanted Londoners by mimicking—in ersatz Swahili—an addled bishop of the Church of England who had stayed too long in Africa. He was 21 when his first play (*House of Regrets*) was produced.

On a TV show in London three years ago, Ustinov's raucous imitation of musicians, U.S. politicians and various automobiles (a passionate hobby) so fascinated the BBC program director that the 15-minute show was expanded to 30 minutes on the spot. It was on a BBC panel show that Ustinov gave first utterance to the comic title for a traveling vaudeville team, "Bulge and Khruish." Like everything else, TV itself has felt his witty sting. Sample: "Crusty old politicians are now told how to put things across on TV. And the more charming they are, the less you believe . . . I still remember Macmillan on TV last year watching the camera lens as if it were a cobra and appealing to the nation for calm, his face frozen with terror."

In the U.S., which knows him in the beard that he grew for his current stage

role, Visitor Ustinov is most familiar as wit and mimic in his appearances on the *Jack Paar Show*, but he complains: "All those interruptions [for commercials] while you sit there trying to be Voltaire—Voltaire wouldn't stand for it." He is particularly fascinated by U.S. giveaways, "where they meter the suffering that people have had, and the one with the saddest life gets the refrigerator. It's like watching a medieval morality play with all the vices paraded before you—avarice, for instance." As for *The \$64,000 Challenge*, on which he flunked out at the \$8,000 level when he failed to identify the Shalamar Gardens, he recalls: "The air conditioning in my booth broke down, and I came out, my ears popping, gasping for breath. I was preceded by a ten-year-old boy who used up all the air spelling very long words."

For working up so much creative lather with such a versatile hand, Ustinov is "embarrassed to say how much" he earns. His first love is the theater, especially playwriting. Though London critics have called him a master of stagecraft with a Shavian wit, Ustinov is keenly aware of their criticism that he "wins his battles but loses his campaigns." He refuses to add to his work load by getting into TV to stay. Says he with a furtive smile: "I don't want to do more and give less quality. It wouldn't be fair to the audience." Meantime he is the season's most welcome new sight on the U.S. home screen.

Horse with a Message

Fury stars a horse in its title role, but, insist its makers, the popular NBC daytime children's show is not another western "because it has no Indians and no saloons." What *Fury* does have sets it prairies apart from other outdoor TV films. Packed with each Saturday morning episode (11 a.m., E.S.T.) is a plain little moral. It may be a homely little philosophical truth or a wholesome primer on civil defense, bicycle safety, wildlife preservation or freedom of the press. Last week *Fury*'s young friends ran into trouble with a predatory cougar because they had not completed their rifle safety course. But faithful as ever, *Fury*, a beautiful black stallion, frightened the critter away.

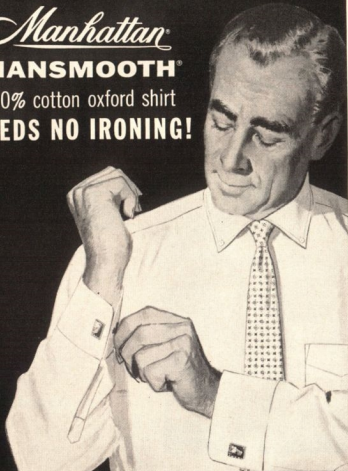
"We aren't trying to preach or write down to the kids," explains *Fury* Producer Irving Cummings Jr. "We want to entertain them and still not contribute to their intellectual impoverishment." Though Cummings insists that *Fury* is not out to "win any wars," many of its fans' fathers may be reminded of the basic training films they endured during their service years. Yet youngsters have kept *Fury*'s ratings remarkably high for 2½ years (latest Nielsen: 20.4).

Fury's success is due less to the horse sense it propounds than the exciting horse-flesh it displays. No ordinary nag, *Fury* (real name: Beauty) is one of the best-trained, best-paid horses in Hollywood, where his competition is keen. He lives quietly on a posh ranch in Van Nuys, Calif., works only four months a year

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and has brought Owner Ralph McCutcheon about \$500,000 in eight years. His *Fury* fee: \$1,500 a show. A saddle-bred, eleven-year-old stallion standing 15 hands high, *Fury* has borne some of Hollywood's most famous bodies. He carried Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant*, Clark Gable in *Lone Star* and Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar*.

Like most Hollywood stars, he is thoroughly pampered. Last fall when he caught a cold, he was shipped to Palm Springs for the cure. His manners are perfect. When the *Fury* staff gave a set party recently, *Fury* roamed politely from group



FURY AT WORK
In the money.

to group, nibbled at a bowlful of carrots and celery and never took a drink. More alert than some of the actors he has to work with, he can master a routine after only two or three run-throughs. For TV *Fury* has had to kick a club out of a villain's hand while running near full gallop. And once when his pals were playing ball and needed a centerfield replacement, *Fury* stepped out on cue, trapped a ball on the bounce, between his teeth. Cracked one of the extras: "Those horses are all alike: good field, no hit."

Radio on Wheels

Fully a quarter of the nation's radio listeners are on wheels—and often listening hard for word of road conditions. To get extra mileage from this vast audience, the Mutual Broadcasting System has set up an experimental "auto network" of 31 stations stretching from Buffalo to Miami. Purpose: frequent weather announcements plus advice not only on the best routes but on what local station to tune in for news of conditions on the next leg of a long drive north or south. If the new scheme works out, Mutual plans to extend it to all 450 network affiliates.

THE PRESS

Free Shots for All

Explaining graciously that business needs "a shot in the arm," Baltimore's Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro Jr. last month urged the city council to repeal Baltimore's tax on newspaper and TV advertising (TIME, Nov. 18), which Mayor Tommy had himself rammed through last fall. Last week, while the council mulled over the mayor's proposal (which would also give a shot in the arm to Democrat D'Alesandro's campaign for the U.S. Senate), Maryland's general assembly beat Tommy to the gun by passing a Senate-approved bill outlawing ad taxes anywhere in the state. Republican Governor Theodore R. McKeldin assured newsmen that he would sign the bill into law, thus boosting his own campaign to succeed Tommy D'Alesandro as Baltimore's mayor.

Depth from Dixie

During the wave of rapes and stabbings in New York City schools this winter, the South's segregationist dailies pounced jubilantly on the story as a Yankee-sent sermon on the evils of mixing the races in the classroom. When a Brooklyn principal killed himself during a grand jury investigation of violence at his junior high school (TIME, Feb. 19), Mississippi's extremist Jackson *Daily News* front-paged the story with a picture of a Negro policeman guarding the school. Caption: "Mixed school violence led to this."

The facts did not support such racist conclusions, and despite pressure from Southern editors, the wire services refused to give that slant to their reports on Northern school delinquency. Many Southern editors nonetheless echoed the Montgomery *Advertiser's* taunt that the real story was being suppressed by "such deluded racists as the New York Times." A widely distributed series of cartoons in the Nashville *Banner* depicted "Mixie-crats" and "Bleeding Hearts," pictured the North's "objective liberal press" as burying delinquency stories on the obituary pages. When newsmen such as the Atlanta *Journal's* Managing Editor William Ray tried conscientiously to dig deeper by demanding a racial breakdown of the 644 students expelled from New York schools as troublemakers, they ran afoul of school regulations that forbid such identification.

A Place in Society. Last week the Southern editors finally got firsthand coverage of the racial angle in New York's school problem from a first-rate Southern reporter. To cover the story in depth the United Press assigned able, Georgian-born Alfred G. Kuettner, the U.P.'s long-time Atlanta bureau chief. Promised the U.P.'s Executive Editor Harry Ferguson: "If there are any squawks, I'll be your lawyer."

Hard-driving Reporter Kuettner, 44, spent a week prowling the city from the cluttered streets of East Harlem to the

seedy side of Brooklyn, talked to school officials and students, white and Negro members of teen-age gangs, storekeepers and social workers, judges and Mayor Robert Wagner. Result: a perceptive, carefully documented three-part series. Reporter Kuettner's conclusion: "You cannot in honesty find that actual racial conflict is causing the rampage of juvenile delinquency. You cannot but admit that Negroes, white children and Puerto Ricans get along amiably in their classes."

Al Kuettner also reported that the racial issue is "at least partly to blame," that Negro and Puerto Rican children

that is making it increasingly difficult to report the news with any depth in the Deep South. As segregationist Atlanta *Journal* Editor Ray, who gave the series a big play, said last week with unconscious irony: "I don't think Kuettner presents the viewpoint of the South. I expect he has become so objective that he may have lost his viewpoint."

Pollyanna Unbound

WHAT THE SEX MANUALS DON'T TELL YOU beckoned newspaper ads last week. The commodity on sale: a magazine article offering "penetrating guidance" to "anxious" husbands and wives with "secret worries." What lifted many eyebrows was not the subject of the article but the mag-



United Press

ATLANTA REPORTER KUETTNER INTERVIEWING NEW YORK PUPILS
Found in the North: a truth for the South.

cause "a huge percentage of the crime and violence." But, he found, "mixing of the races is not the basic cause." As a tough-minded Brooklyn principal told him: "This problem is not because Negroes are Negroes, it is because they are newcomers. They are often at the bottom of the economic scale." The school man added an observation of equal relevance to the South: "It is a sociological truth that until a person finds his place in society, he is rebellious."

Lost Viewpoint. Virtually every major U.P. paper in the South ran Kuettner's series; South Carolina's segregationist Greenville *Piedmont* gave it an eight-column top-of-the-banner headline. To most editors, Al Kuettner's byline was the story's best recommendation. He has amassed 45 file drawers on racial problems since spotting desegregation as a looming battle in 1945, roamed 3,600 miles through the South in 1956 to write a series on integration that won him Sigma Delta Chi's top award for general reporting.

Though his New York series will prompt few Southerners to trade in their prejudices, it bridged briefly a chasm

that touted it: the staid *Reader's Digest* (world circ. 20 million), which for most of its 36 article-packed, circulation-enriching years has delicately skirted the subject it still refers to in shyly anecdotes as "the facts of life."

Actually, the *Digest* cracked its boudoir boycott spectacularly in July 1956 with an article called "What Wives Don't Know About Sex." A flood of letters from readers suggested that do-it-yourself sex could be as gripping a topic for *Digestion* as the magazine's Pollyanna sagas of man against wilderness or science against cancer—the kind of uplift dear to *Digest* Editor (and Founder) DeWitt Wallace, son of a Presbyterian preacher. After a clinical follow-up piece on "What Husbands Don't Know About Sex," the magazine last June invited its readers to join Gynecologist Marion Hilliard in exploring "The Act of Love: Woman's Greatest Challenge."

Describing "the whole galaxy of climaxes," Author Hilliard ranged gushingly from the "one so slight that it is a sigh to one so profound and deep that it results in an agonizing cry . . . a small death." On the other hand, the article added, "millions of women feel nothing at all," and the "timing of the climaxes can take five years to perfect." For the apprentice mate who cannot muster even a sigh, counseled Sexpert Hilliard, "the worst

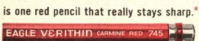
© Which has such serious delinquency problems as vandalism, theft and knife-carrying in some of its all-white schools. In Atlanta, of 3,700 juveniles who appeared before the courts in 1957, 50% were white.

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duplicity on earth" is to pretend to a man that "he can cause a flowering within her."

By way of re-enlisting readers who might have grown discouraged by this sort of thing, the new *Digest* piece (condensed from *McCall's*) quotes the "official" line: "The wife should have an orgasm. If this does not happen easily, it is up to any self-respecting husband to master the technique that will make it happen." Yet, soothes Dr. David R. Mace, the how-to-do-it books place "an exaggerated emphasis on so-called 'sexual technique.'" He reassures readers that the sex manuals are no substitute for old-fashioned passion. His own summary in the *Digest's* digest: "So long as the emotional feelings between the couple are right, so long as there is mutual trust and love, their bodies will invariably make the appropriate responses."

What Makes Jackson Run

Alone among Ohio political editors, the Youngstown *Vindicator's* lisp, kewpie-faced Clingan Jackson, 50, has already picked his favorite in the seven-way race to win the Democratic nomination for governor in May. Jackson's choice: Clingan Jackson. His selection was no surprise to readers of the *Vindicator* (circ. 99,930), who have watched Jackson juggle a dizzying succession of hats since 1936, when he became the paper's political writer while serving as a state legislator.

During his long coverage of politics, Jackson has been a candidate for office in seven primary and four general elections (and lost only three primaries), served six years each as a state senator and a Democratic central committeeman. He has bagged appointive plums ranging from chairmanship of Ohio's Highway Construction Council (at \$50 a day) to membership on the Strip Mine Commission. While drawing \$8,000 a year from his *Vindicator* job, nimble Newsman Jackson since last May has helped make ends meet by working four days a week as an \$8,400-a-year member of Ohio's Pardon and Parole Commission.

"Never," brags Jackson, "have I violated confidences or tried to scoop fellow reporters by virtue of knowing something as a legislator that they might not know as newsmen." But it is fellow newsmen who have now brought Jackson's hat tricks under fire. John S. Knight's Akron *Beacon Journal* (circ. 161,624) lectured him on ethics in an editorial headed CLINGAN JACKSON SHOULD QUIT. Last week Jackson roused the angry voice of Editor Louis B. Seltzer of Scripps-Howard's Cleveland *Press* (circ. 313,749). Under the headline THESE THINGS DON'T MIX, the *Press* urged that Jackson either drop out of the governor's race or 1) quit as political editor and 2) resign from the parole board, on which "the chance to make some extra friends by being extra lenient is just too appealing to pass up." Added the *Press*: "Trying to make himself look good (as a candidate) when he knows (as a reporter) he can't win, [Jackson] makes himself and the newspaper business look pretty silly."



REPORTER-POLITICIAN JACKSON
He is his choice.

Striking back at politically powerful Editor Seltzer in a speech that was dutifully covered by another *Vindicator* staffer, Candidate Jackson puffed: "The public need not beware of newspapermen who are out in the open as candidates. Citizens can deal with them directly. How much worse it is for a press overlord to attempt to govern by pulling strings but taking none of the responsibility or the blame!" Added 74-year-old Frederick Maag Jr., publisher of the Democratic *Vindicator*: "Mr. Jackson is so well-equipped for public service that it would be a shame to deprive him of the right to take part in politics. Of course, I'm not sure what our position might be if Jackson were nominated and became the Democratic candidate for governor." That prospect, less interested political editors agreed, is even more remote than the chance that Clingan Jackson will quit writing about politics.

Publisher's Answer

To the Burbank *Daily Review*, one of California's smallest dailies (circ. 4,421), came a wire last week from the community's biggest advertisers: Burbank's twelve auto dealers. Complaining that the paper's "continued headlining" of recession news "induces retrenching of possible buyers," the telegram from Burbank's Automobile Dealers Association announced that members were canceling their ad contracts with the paper. Said the wire: "This organization will not compete in advertising on the inside with adverse headlines on the outside." Though the loss of business was a heavy blow, *Review* Publisher Hoyt Cater, whose paper appears in a town where thousands of aircraft workers are out of jobs, defiantly ran the telegram on Page One. Retorted he: "The *Review* is going to go right on publishing the news. When it's good news, we'll be very happy to print it. But when it's bad, I'm afraid we'll have to print that too."

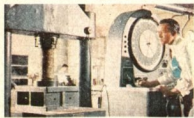


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Add safety—a grainy surface for dependable skid resistance, wet or dry . . . light color for night visibility far better than on dark surfaces.

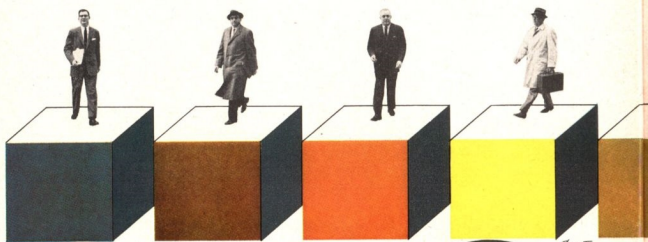
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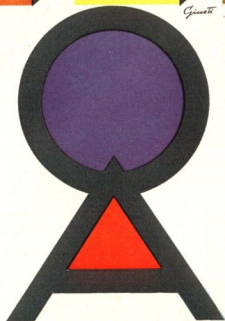
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EDUCATION

All Year Cure-All?

Every summer, U.S. school buildings stand idle while their value declines and interest on construction bonds piles higher. Teachers, in desperately short supply during the school year, take long vacations they cannot afford, or pad out undersized incomes with temporary jobs. Last week, as dozens of other cost-burdened school boards have done before, Tennessee's Davidson County board of education hacked through a knot of problems to what seemed at first a simple, one-stroke solution: run the school system twelve months a year on a four-quarter plan, with one-fourth of the children on vacation each quarter.

The advantages at first looked bright. Without building any more schools or hiring any more teachers, the overloaded system could handle a third again as many students; and, with teachers working twelve months (with two weeks vacation) instead of the usual ten, salaries could be raised a respectable 20%. A committee turned up other points in favor of the plan: students with failing grades, or out of school because of illness, would have to make up only one quarter instead of at least a half year; fewer textbooks would be needed; with three-fourths of the competition in school, older students would have an easier time getting vacation jobs; children could start school within three months of their sixth birthdays, instead of waiting up to a year.

Then, with gathering dismay, the committee began to see why communities that had tried the plan (among them: Nashville, Omaha, Newark, Amarillo, Tex., Aliquippa, Pa.) had abandoned it within a few years. With new classes starting each quarter, at least three different sections would have to be taught in each subject, too many except for sizable schools (elementary schools of more than 540 pupils, secondary schools of more than 1,600). Tennessee heat would make expensive air conditioning a necessity for the summer quarter. Building repairs, normally done during vacations, would have to be carried out on weekends or while school was in session. Teachers would have better incomes, but no time to recuperate from a year's siege of youngsters or to take professional courses. Four separate graduations and commencements would be required, and some graduations would be inconveniently timed for college entrance. Transfers to or from four-quarter schools would be endlessly complicated.

Biggest problem: vacation quarters would have to be assigned arbitrarily. Families would revolt when they found four children taking vacations at different times; coaches would swallow their whistles in rage when hot-shot halfbacks were told to take the fall months off. In communities where the four-quarter system has been tried, students have rebelled at taking out-of-season vacations, breezed

through school without stop, graduated too young to work and too immature for college. Prospect at week's end: no four-quarter cure-all for Davidson County schools.

The Big Kindergarten

"The American school system, from first grade through college [has become] a huge kindergarten." So last week declared self-exiled Schoolmaster Philip Marson, who quit famed Boston Latin School last June after teaching English there for 31 years. Marson's reason for walking out: "I could then say what had to be said without gloves."

Marson's bare-knuckled attack on U.S. education made the front page of



James F. Coyne

SCHOOLMASTER MARSON

All play and no work makes dull boys.

Boston *Globe*. "I watched, with increasing alarm, the lack of fundamental information possessed by the pupils who entered the high school, and the disappearance of standards demanded of them by the colleges when they were ready to leave. The elementary schools, by misapplication of the theories of Dewey and Freud, had eliminated unpleasant work and had substituted play . . . The colleges had so diluted their entrance requirements that they ceased to function as incentives to scholarship."

Those Who Only Breathe? "In terms of numbers and competition," Marson later admitted, "it is, of course, now harder to get into college. But this is a relative thing. Scholarship requirements are much more lax now than they were 20 years ago. In fact, admission criteria have nothing to do with scholarship. They are based on tests that do not test scholarship. In the state universities, it's even worse. All you have to do in most of them is to breathe to gain admission."

By entrance exams that dodge scholarship, Schoolmaster Marson means "objective" tests that ignore the classics and seldom require an applicant to write a complete sentence. Says he: "The experts may come up with figures which say that the students are better scholars now than they were. But I don't believe them. These figures are based on percentiles—on the student's relative standing."

Is Education Fun? In his generation at Boston Latin, a public high school that has been one of the most respected secondary schools in the U.S., Marson always practiced what he now preaches. His boys knew precisely what they would get from their round-faced, jovial schoolmaster: hard work and solid teaching in the fundamentals of composition and literature. Marson scoffed at curve-grading (the clod-coddling marking system that is based on the class average), insisted that his boys measure up to definite levels. One bright boy who measured up: Composer Leonard Bernstein, who still talks of Marson's lectures on English poetry. Says a Boston Latin colleague of Marson: "Phil never pretended education was fun or that there was any substitute for hard work. He was the ideal secondary-school teacher."

At 65, Self-Exile Marson is finding plenty to do away from his classroom. He is writing a book and a pamphlet expanding his attacks on the nation's schools. This summer, as he has for the past three decades, Marson will run his boys' camp in New Hampshire. But next fall, his critique of American education squarely on the record, Schoolmaster Marson hopes to be back in a classroom giving his fact-packed lectures on Shakespeare and syntax that so well prepared his Boston Latin boys for college.

The Proper Cut & Color

The American professor seldom unpacks his academic robes for anything except founders' days and commencement, but the Oxford don swathes himself in proper hues for every day, is well aware when he is within nodding distance of such colleagues in full dress as a doctor of philosophy (scarlet and navy blue) or a doctor of music (cream silk with apple-blossom embroidery and sleeves of cherry crimson).

For years Oxford scholars have been uneasy about certain mutations in academic plumage. Shortly after World War II, hard-pressed tailors took to making gowns of nylon instead of silk, even trimmed the hoods of bachelors of arts with nylon fur instead of ermine or white-dyed rabbit. Worse yet, many Oxonians were showing up in startling shades of the traditional colors. Reason: in the university's seven centuries, no one had ever specified the precise shades for the various degrees. Around the faculty's high tables in college dining halls, the old guard eyed the robes of the innovators and grumbled of "notorious inconsistencies."

Last week the university's sartorial rebels were sharply summoned into line by a new handbook that spells out once and for

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WEBSTER CIGARS

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SHE DESERVES TO EAT OUT

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Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch... the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn. Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!



all the color and cut of the proper Oxonian's robe. Compilers of the authentic handbook: meticulous Ralph E. Clifford, head clerk in the University Registry, and elegant Dennis R. Venables, coproprietor of one Oxford tailor shop and partner in another.

To choose patterns and shades for each degree, Clifford and Venables spent a year poking through ancient records and sifting the lore of tailors along High Street. Bound in leather, handwritten on parchment and illustrated with swatches of material, their specifications are stored for the ages in the University Archives. One fiat of the new book: nylon fur is out. Sniffs Gentlemen's Tailor Venables: "Any fur on an academical hood ought to come from an indigenous animal."

Report Card

Q Educators who hold that the nation's schools have turned into public-supported playrooms (see above) got some sharp if incomplete statistical support from a survey of Texas schools by a group of ten Texas school superintendents and school-board members. Of the schools giving answers to various questions of the survey, 112 out of 232 allow private music and/or dancing lessons on school time; 188 out of 220 give credit for band time, physical education, chorus, etc.; 166 out of 218 allow athletic teams to eat up school hours with practice sessions.

Q More than half the nation's 23,746 public high schools are too small to do an effective teaching job, a special committee told the American Association of School Administrators at its annual convention in St. Louis. More than 13,000 high schools with 200 or fewer pupils are staffed by ten or fewer teachers who can do little but provide the bare basics of education. The costly solution: consolidating school districts wherever possible, to produce bigger schools and better facilities. To do otherwise, summed up the committee, would be "a false luxury this country cannot now afford. Reorganization of school districts is an imperative national need."

Q Fresh from raising \$27 million in ten years, the University of Notre Dame announced plans to raise another \$66.6 million in the next decade, will lay out \$27 million to boost faculty salaries by 75%, allot only \$18.6 million to new buildings. Meanwhile, the California Institute of Technology started a \$16.1 million fundraising drive to improve salaries, erect new buildings.

Q Urging a Harvard University audience to bridge "the gulf between scientific and nonscientific cultures," England's Sir Charles P. Snow, physicist and novelist, mapped the abyss by noting: "I've often asked distinguished English writers and the like a rather simple question, such as 'What idea, if any, do you have of the second law of thermodynamics?'; and an air of goggle-eyed stupefaction comes over the party. When my wife married me, she thought a machine tool was something very small and bright and had a sort of red jewel in it."



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Prove to yourself that nylon cord truck tires give more mileage, more retreads and increased over-all economy. You'll find you can even cut down tire inventory once you begin to roll on nylons. Ask your dealer about nylon cord truck tires today or write E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Room 5518-N, Wilmington 98, Delaware, for your free copy of the 21-page booklet, "Nylon Cord Truck Tires for Lower Cost per Mile."



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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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and taxis. All major airlines and military aircraft depend on nylon cord tires. For greater safety, insist on nylon when buying new tires or a new car. Look for the nylon identification on the tire sidewall.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
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Dress rehearsal for survival



Freedom's defense has reached a new frontier—Outer Space. That is why we need new weapons—missiles ... and men in missile-like planes.

Already America's giant missiles hurtle into space—exploring the new frontier, guarding its ramparts.

And hand-in-glove with missiles are our new manned weapon systems. Compressing years of progress into months, America's military and civilian engineers are jointly pushing our new defenses to completion.

Americans in Outer Space

Today a few chosen pilots are preparing themselves. Donning the new space suits, they sit in altitude chambers, or whirling centrifuges, testing man's reactions to a savage new environment. Their plane, the rocket-powered X-15, is being readied.

The X-15's mission is to take a man into space ... and to return him to deliver his report. The secrets he brings back will be shared by the Air Force, Navy, and National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, joint sponsors of the project.

The sinews of space flight

The X-15 is the outgrowth of new technologies developed by North American and its divisions—in guided missiles and supersonic aircraft—in automatic controls and rocket engines. Each is a vital root of the new space flight technology.

NAA's Rocketdyne Division makes rocket engines for the Air Force's Atlas and Thor missiles, and for the Army's Jupiter and Redstone. In fact, every major missile successfully launched in America in 1957 was powered by a Rocketdyne engine.

The Autonetics Division creates automatic control systems for both aircraft and missiles. Only yesterday these tiny fail-proof "brains" were rare technological triumphs. Yet today Autonetics makes them in quantity—with complete reliability.

Weapons—manned or unmanned

Like the Armed Services, North American believes both manned and unmanned weapon systems have their



Space Age wind tunnel tests scale models in a 2,500-mile hurricane. It's first of its kind to be built with private funds.

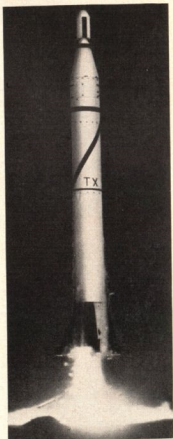
place. NAA's Missile Development Division, backed by 10 years' pioneering missile research, is at work on the GAM-77 advanced air-to-ground missile for the Air Force B-52.

At the Los Angeles Division are two manned weapon systems. The 110A will reach any place on earth at 2200 mph and return to strike another day. The F-108 interceptor's very-long-range radar and atomic missiles will make it lethal to manned bombers and some missiles. It will be a flexible weapon, able to strike at trouble where it starts, before it spreads.

From defense, the arts of peace

North American has not confined its efforts to defense alone. During the past decade it has made great forward strides for the good of all men. The Peaceful Atom, for example, is the field of NAA's Atomics International Division. This division has successfully proved out two nuclear reactors to produce electrical power, both major advances in the drive to put atomic energy to work for mankind.

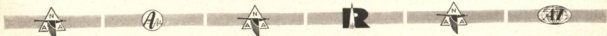
Today, in North American and its divisions, you'll find as potent a combination of scientists, engineers, and production men as any in American industry. Because they are constantly forging ahead into vital new technologies, their work holds immense promise for science and industry.



Satellite No. 1. A Rocketdyne-built rocket engine gave the Army's Jupiter "C" satellite the critical first-stage boost toward its orbit.

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RELIGION

The Nun in Tweeds

No one would have suspected that the small, well-tailored woman with blue-rinsed grey hair and smart, blue-framed spectacles was a nun, or, for that matter, that she was an American. Mother Mary Dominic Ramacciotti regards her occasional social round of luncheons, teas and receptions in Rome as the hard part of her work. This week she was back at the "easier" part: putting in an 18-hour day building an Italian Girls' Town.

Though she has an ancient Tuscan name, spry, sixtyish Mary Ramacciotti

At the outset, Mother Mary faced the question of what age the girls should be. She decided that adolescents are "the youngsters who are least understood and who need guidance most. Everyone loves to play with a cute and docile baby, but teen-agers are too often unwanted." Last fall Mother Mary welcomed to Girls' Town 16 ragged, frightened orphan girls from institutions all over Italy. They looked in wonder at the pink exterior walls, the brightly painted rooms ("Colored paint costs no more than white, and it's much more cheerful"). One girl exclaimed at the sight of a mirror on the



MOTHER MARY WITH GIRLS' TOWN CHARGES
Away went the barrier.

was born and bred in Baltimore. She joined the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Baltimore while still in her teens, stayed on to teach Romance languages, eventually became dean of Notre Dame of Maryland college. Her present project began in 1955, when she met a bouncy, bustling Irish priest named Monsignor John Patrick Carroll-Abbing, a man with a well-known mission—"Boys' Towns" for Italy. During fund-raising drives for his boys, one question bothered him: What about the girls? When he met Mother Mary, who by then had joined the faculty of Washington's Catholic University of America, Carroll-Abbing decided that he had found the answer. "It was a clear case," he says, "of the right person at the right time for the right job."

In the *Mirror*. Within a few months, Mother Mary was off to Italy, soon became director of Italy's unborn Girls' Town. With her meager funds Mother Mary spent two years searching for the right site. She settled on a tiny hamlet called Borgata Ottavia, near Rome, built a dormitory-schoolhouse. Later she added a simple modern chapel, which was formally inaugurated last week.

wall: "We were never allowed mirrors in the orphans' home!" Mother Mary quickly replied: "I want you to have mirrors and I want you to look at yourself. When you don't look at yourself, it isn't you who suffers—it's the person who has to look at you."

Not Crickets. Purpose of the five-year course is to train the girls to support themselves as governesses, social workers, children's counselors and above all to be confident women who "know how to grace a home." Courses include Italian literature, history, geography, science, mathematics, French, English and religion (the last two taught by Mother Mary herself).

Mother Mary decided early that the nun's habit she had been wearing all her life would set up too much of a barrier between herself and the girls, got special permission from the Vatican to wear secular clothes. Many of her simple, tweedy outfits are homemade, and she wears no lipstick or jewelry, even on her fund-raising expeditions into Roman society. But some of the shocked villagers of Borgata Ottavia imaginatively endow her with mink coats and painted fingernails. "What will she make of those girls?"

asked one indignant woman of the neighborhood last week. "Not good mamas, I'm sure." Nodded another: "The girls will all end up with crickets in their heads—thanks to the rich American woman."

Unitarians, Come Out!

Must a Unitarian be a Christian? The question has bubbled through Unitarianism for years (temperatures reached new highs last May when the monthly *Christian Register* changed its name to the *Unitarian Register*). Last week another vote for the negative was cast when the temporary pastor of Washington's influential All Souls Church used his Sunday sermon to bow out of Christianity.

The Rev. Ralph W. Stutzman, 29, who came to Unitarianism from the Evangelical-United Brethren Church and served as assistant to All Souls' late, famed Pastor A. Powell Davies, rejected for himself even the loose definition of Christian as one who tries to follow the teachings of Jesus. "Which Jesus should I follow—the one who said 'Turn the other cheek. Love your enemies,' or the one who said 'Do not think that I have come to bring peace, but a sword?'"

Unitarians have "come out of" a Christian tradition, Stutzman admitted, "but now I think it is time for Unitarians to face the fact that we have come out . . . If civilization lasts another ten years, the world is going to need a denomination like Unitarianism in the midst of the Christian western world. As the major religions of the world begin really to rub shoulders, men of foreign countries are going to find Christianity to have an obnoxious air of superiority."

"Two Cups Jeremiah"

I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.
—Matthew 25:35

Faith and food are close company in the Old Testament and the New—from that first bite in Eden, through the Passover meal and the manna from Heaven, to the feeding of the multitudes and the Last Supper. The resurrected Christ was specifically recognized by the breaking of bread at Emmaus (*Luke 24:30, 35*), by eating a piece of broiled fish in Jerusalem (*Luke 24:42*), and by cooking breakfast for Peter and his friends (*John 21:9-12*). Such scriptural sources and sauces have been tapped for a brand-new manual of Christian cookery, *The Bible Cookbook* (Bethany Press; \$3.95). Author Marian Maeve O'Brien, food editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, teaches Sunday-school at Grace Episcopal Church in suburban Kirkwood, and her Biblical studies have well served her culinary know-how.

More than 500 recipes are included, each category with a prologue relating it to Biblical menus. Appetizers "almost exactly as we know them," says Author O'Brien, were an integral part of Biblical meals. In the countryside, "where Jesus was teaching, the housewife offered a bowl of vinegar and a piece of bread for dipping, while the guest waited for the table to be laid." An O'Brien appetizer: Burning

Bush, consisting of cream cheese balls rolled in chopped dried beef.

Prophet's Pulse. Author O'Brien seasons with teasers. Why, for instance, is poached trout called Trout Sisera? Most cooks without a concordance would not know where to look: Sisera's sorry story is in *Judges 4* and *5*, and the poaching of trout is presumably suggested by the water with which Jehovah swamped Sisera's "goo chariots of iron."

Many other recipe names are equally far-fetched, e.g., Matthew Punch ("because it is such a nice punch for serving at Christmas time"), Pentecost Cake (black devil's food), and Prophet's Pulse (a vegetable and egg dish). For church suppers, Author O'Brien recommends what she calls a Scripture Cake:

4½ cups *1 Kings 4:22* (flour)
1 cup *Judges 5:25*, last clause (butter)
2 cups *Jeremiah 6:20* (sugar)
2 cups *1 Samuel 30:12* (raisins)
2 cups *Nahum 3:12* (figs)
2 cups *Numbers 17:8* (almonds)
2 tablespoons *1 Samuel 14:25* (honey)
1 pinch *Leviticus 2:13* (salt)
6 *Jeremiah 17:11* (eggs)
½ cup *Judges 4:19* (milk)
Seasonings, *11 Chronicles 9:9* (spices)

Follow the directions of Solomon for bringing up a child, *Proverbs 23:14*; that is, "beat him with a rod."

Oysters Ad Lib. Few meals today, in a church or out of it, can match the menu of a priestly inauguration that is recorded as having taken place in Jerusalem between 73 and 63 B.C. First course: "Sea urchins, plain oysters *ad libitum*. Two sorts of mussels, thrush on asparagus, a fattened hen, a ragout of oysters and mussels, black and white chestnuts." Second course: "Udders of sows, a pig head, fricassee of fish and sow's udders, two kinds of ducks, boiled hares, a meal pudding."

"The record of the sweet served to finish this meal," writes Cook O'Brien regretfully, "has apparently been lost."

Cardinal to Rome

"Never before in history," said Samuel Alphonso Cardinal Stritch, "has an American prelate been appointed to such high office." He was referring to himself. From Rome last week came news that Pope Pius XII had appointed him propret of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Under the aged (85) prefect, Pietro Fumasoni Cardinal Biondi, 70-year-old Cardinal Stritch will head the church's entire missionary effort.

As Archbishop of Chicago, largest Roman Catholic diocese in the U.S. (some 2,000,000 members), Tennessee-born Cardinal Stritch is known for devotion to charity, openness to experiment. His 18-year administration saw the establishment of the first U.S. chapter of the secular order Opus Dei (TIME, March 18, 1957), also the launching of the Christian Family Movement and the first vigorous church action to help Puerto Ricans in the U.S. His organizing ability and scholar's mind (plus excellent Italian) equip him well as the first American ever admitted to the Italian-dominated Curia—powerhouse of the Vatican.

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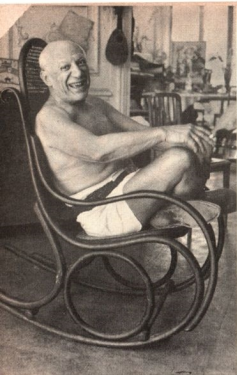
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DAVID DUNCAN'S PABLO

Picasso en Casa

One day last year Photographer David Douglas Duncan showed up at the ornate villa of Pablo Picasso overlooking the Riviera and Cannes. As an offering, Duncan carried a small, 1st century B.C. carved carnelian that he had found on a photographic assignment for *LIFE* in Afghanistan. The gift opened Picasso's door and his heart, won what Photographer Duncan wanted—months at home with the great artist. As a result, Duncan took more than 10,000 photographs, last week published in *The Private World of Pablo Picasso* (Harper; \$4.95; Ridge Press paperback; \$1.50) a photographic record of Picasso's private life. The scenes range from a scrub in a tub and carving a chicken ("Could have been carved just about as daintily—and just as fast—by stuffing it with a hand grenade") to all-night engraving sessions during which "Picasso's companion, Jacqueline Roque, watched him, sleepy and adoring."

The famed clutter of Picasso's studio is by now fairly familiar, with its menagerie of goats, dogs, pigeons, chickens. What Duncan's photo-reporting does is catch the warmth, richness, foolishness and occasional moodiness of the most protean, joyous, impish and intense artist of the century. The most interesting shots are of Picasso hamming it up. Duncan caught him greeting a fine day by dancing on the balcony in a petticoat and an African helmet, wearing an apelike mask, trying a ballet *pas de deux* with Jacqueline.

To sum up his three months' stay with Picasso, Duncan borrows one of the artist's most exultant shouts, says wholeheartedly: "*Es una cosa muy rara!* [It's something very rare!]"

ART

Art, Life & Love

In a paneled lecture room at the University of Chicago one day last week, a pink-cheeked, wispy-haired little man mounted the raised platform, pushed his horn-rimmed glasses up on to his forehead and began to speak. He was not comfortable. "I do not feel at ease when I have to speak," said Painter Marc Chagall. "My language is the eye."

In ten days in Chicago, Marc Chagall, who ranks with Braque, Matisse and Picasso in the history of modern art, spoke (in French, through an interpreter) perhaps more about art and about himself than ever before. Invited by the Committee on Social Thought, an organization that aims to further intellectual awareness in America (previous guests: T. S. Eliot, Jacques Maritain, Arnold Toynbee), visiting Professor Chagall was listed to speak on "Art and Life." To this son of an illiterate Russian barrelmaker who has been a refugee from both Communism and Nazism, art and life are synonymous, and both require only love. "Without love," his students heard, "an art is not art, and a life is not life." Chagall ranged wide over his broad subject. Samples:

¶ On judgment of art: "It is better for the public to judge the artist according to his work, because the artist himself doesn't know himself. The mirror of the artist is his work."

¶ On how he works: "I get up each day, and I have no idea of what I'm going to do. I'm very worried. Then I work. Then I go to bed and still worry and say I haven't worked enough. It's always the same."

¶ On the U.S.: "If I were a young man and were beginning my life over, perhaps I would plant myself in America because I believe in the future of America and I love this country. I love faith, goodness and kindness, which are so needed all over the world, and these things cannot make their mark here unless they are translated into the art and culture of America."

To supplement the words of Chagall, the University of Chicago hung some 40 of his atmospheric, richly colored works,

all borrowed from Chicago area owners, in its Goodspeed Hall. The Chicago appearance was part of a full 70th year for Painter Chagall. Last month Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art staged an extensive exhibit of his work; two new incisive books have been published, *Marc Chagall: His Graphic Work*, edited by Franz Meyer (Harry N. Abrams; \$12.50), and *Marc Chagall*, by Walter Erben (Praeger; \$7.50).

To go through the discomfort of appearing as a lecturer, the painter had to interrupt a number of projects he had been working on at his studio on the French Riviera, including sets and costumes for the ballet *Daphnis and Chloë*, illustrations for the book version and new stained-glass windows for Metz's 13th century cathedral, damaged by Nazi bombs. But to Marc Chagall, all this did not seem enough. "It seems to me that I am just beginning," he said. "It seems that I have done very little in life."

NEW ART NOUVEAU

NO art style seemed more surely dead and buried than *Art Nouveau*, the turn-of-the-century vogue for flowing, whirling motifs and gingerbread gewgaws. Thrown out by cubist artists who viewed such effulgent detail as a bad case of artistic waste, and banned by the stripped-down school of Bauhaus modern architects, the movement that once spread across Europe and to the U.S. had been dormant for decades. Now there is new interest in *Art Nouveau*—particularly among the strongest proponents of modern art and architecture.

What has happened? The fact is that the world of the cube, the cage and the austere glass façade has begun to look pretty stark to the men who have been perpetuating it. The trouble is lack of richness, variety and delight, and the result is monotony. Architects and designers who recognize the problem are checking on themselves, re-examining the very style against which they once rebelled. They are searching for clues to the missing elements in much of mid-20th century architecture and design.

Architecture Is Sculpture. Most dramatic example is the revival of interest in the buildings of Barcelona Architect Antoni Gaudí (*TIME*, Jan. 28, 1952), whose work in the early decades of the century would have rated him a place on the couch in mid-century. Precisely because Gaudí's work stands opposed to the main line of development taken by contemporary architecture, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art this winter staged a two-month-long exhibit of his work (see color page), discovered that it had a popular, stimulating and

Arthur Siegel



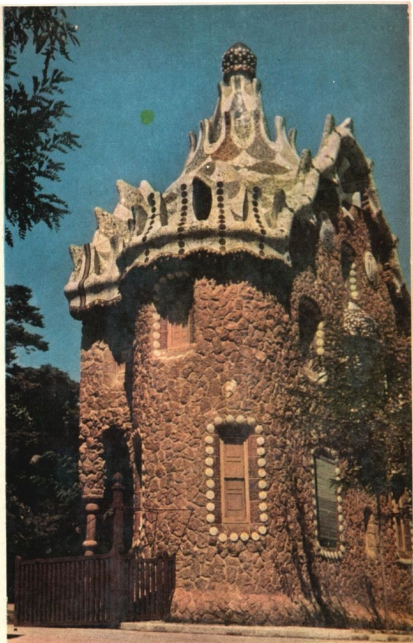
CHAGALL IN CHICAGO

GATE LODGE for Barcelona's Park Güell has gingerbread-house look, cockscomb roof and gay pinnacle, original and playful elements which Antoni Gaudi introduced into architecture to delight of generations of children.

Photographs by Joaquín Gomis



TOWER of Barcelona's church of Sagrada Familia (Holy Family) is tipped by bizarre pinnacle of writhing free-form shape surfaced with mosaic of broken tiles and topped by extravaganza of clustered balls.



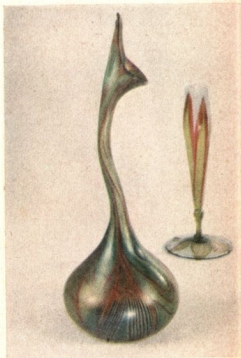
BENCH weaves its serpentine way across slope of Monte Carmelo in Park Güell. Undulating form avoids sharp angles, appeals to sea-loving Barcelonians. For his mosaics Gaudi mainly used discarded pottery shards.



TIFFANY LAMP, made in New York in first decades of 20th century, has base and shade in form of wisteria vine. Glass was known as "Favrile," meaning handmade.



BOWL AND VASE point up Louis Comfort Tiffany's use of new techniques to form glowing iridescent shapes that were suggestive of sea shells or free forms of flowing glass.



SWAN-NECK VASE, in veined glass, and flower-form vase (right) are 18 inches tall, reflect Tiffany's insistence on simplicity, were among most popular of his designs.



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW with grapevine motif was made for Manhattan mansion by Tiffany, who also designed the octagon table and the iridescent-glass place settings.

controversial show. Said the museum's director of architecture and design, Arthur Drexler: "Gaudi's preoccupation with organic forms, his enthusiasm for texture, and the alarming Hansel-and-Gretel atmosphere his buildings occasionally produce, are today inevitably seen against the background of psychoanalysis as well as the history of architecture . . . Gaudi is not an architect to be imitated. But once lured into his world, no one is likely to remain indifferent to his innovations in expressive form."

Even in his native Catalonia, Antoni Gaudi, who died at 73 in 1926, was considered unique and eccentric. His weird and wonderful gatehouses, animal or vegetable apartment-house façades and phantasmal parks that out-Disney Disneyland delighted Barcelonians, even when they were surfaced for economy's sake in broken tiles, old pots and broken glass. Gaudi's greatest problem was that his designs demanded a craftsman's skill to execute and his on-the-spot presence to construct.

Manhattan architects, who swarmed to the museum's exhibit, came away impressed but perplexed. What lesson did Gaudi's flowering masonry buildings teach in the age of steel beams and plate glass? Guggenheim Museum Director James Johnson Sweeney thought he knew part of the answer. Said he at the museum's standing-room-only symposium: "Gaudi points the way not through a restatement of Gaudi, but by restatement of his method of approach. He has brought home the value of architecture as sculpture." Critic Henry-Russell Hitchcock, who with Architect Philip Johnson kicked off in 1932 the boom for the International Style of wrap-around ribbon windows, flat roofs and stripped façades, came close to disowning his own offspring: "Not the least value of studying Gaudi's work is the exhilaration that comes from realizing how vast, how unplumbed, are the possibilities of architecture in our time. The dead hand of academicism in the 1930s seems to be closing in on our way of building."

Simplicity Plus Richness. Renewed interest in *Art Nouveau* has also caught up the works of Louis Comfort Tiffany, well-to-do son of the founder of Manhattan's Tiffany & Co., who started out as an artist, switched, along with Artist John La Farge, to experiments with hand-blown glass, and became the most fashionable decorator of his day. Tiffany held that "simplicity is the foundation of all really effective decoration" and he proved that simplicity need not rule out richness and beauty.

Swept out of fashion by streamlined functional modern, Tiffany's work is now having its first major Manhattan exhibition since his death, at 84, in 1933. Behind the current Tiffany exhibit at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts is the same unease that has sent architects back to Gaudi for inspiration. In an age when man's vision seems increasingly hemmed in by a machine-made environment, there is an urge to draw new strength from adventuresome craftsmen who knew how to combine richness with beauty.



Venice, anyone? See London, too... on the same trip!

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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Blue Denim (by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble) embeds a troubled teen-age sex drama inside a sociological groundwork. The going-on-16 son of fond but unhelpful parents, Arthur Bartley (Burt Brinckerhoff) takes refuge, when at home, in a basement hideaway, in a world of beer and draw poker with a pal, of fledgling sex with a professor's daughter. The girl becomes pregnant. Arthur tries to signal to his parents but cannot, then uses a forged check to pay for an abortion. In a suspenseful last act, everything



Eileen Dorby—Graphic House
BURT BRINCKERHOFF & CAROL LYNLEY
Put-togetherness.

suddenly comes out well—in fact, a little too much so.

Blue Denim is twin-burner drama: Arthur's relations to his girl provide the plot; his relations to his family, the basic problem. For though clearly the young lovers had far better have stayed apart, the play in the final and family sense is a lament for untogtherness. It dramatizes the barriers between generations, the dangers in families that have no communications system. What with the young couple's agonizing jam, the dangers in **Blue Denim** get vividly spotlighted and the story line holds. But there is not much at the end of the line, and there is more spotlight than illumination.

The play has honest details, good talk between Arthur and his pal, touching moments between Arthur and his girl (Carol Lynley). It has situations in which it is enough for people just to be young, or in trouble. But too much is pat or false, rigged up or spelled out; and at the end there is more softness on the playwright's part than perception on the characters'. Truth, in **Blue Denim**, is too fitful, put-togetherness too frequent.

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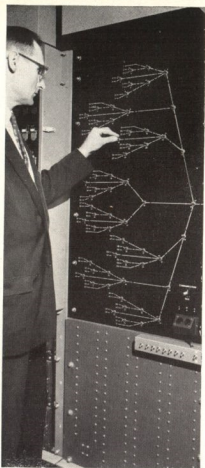
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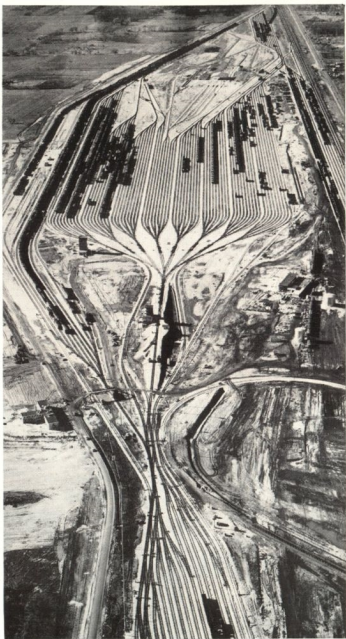


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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Slowdown in Detroit

What's wrong with the auto industry? Since one in seven U.S. workers depends on the auto industry, Detroit's slowdown is largely responsible for the drop in steel and dozens of other important industries, and is one of the prime reasons that the nation's economic recession has gone as far as it has.

February auto production totaled 393,000 units, the lowest for any February in six years. Production rose slightly last week from its lowest level of the year, but several plants announced layoffs and cutbacks. Not all companies have been equally affected, but a comparison of 1957 and 1958 production between Jan. 1 and Feb. 22 shows a big drop for all:

	1957	1958
Chrysler	225,347	90,989
Ford	331,673	221,787
G.M.	519,589	444,588
	1,076,609	757,364

With sales down about 25% from last year, dealers' stocks of unsold new cars stand at an estimated 900,000, a disturbing 167,000 above last year. Gloomier prophets are predicting sales of only 4,800,000 cars this year, v. 5,982,342 in 1957. The more optimistic feel that the unusually hard winter weather helped cut sales, and that balmy spring airs will bring an upsurge.

Faith v. Doubt. Buick Boss Edward T. Ragsdale, who set off last week on a nationwide tour of 26 cities to enlist the aid of Buick's 3,500 dealers in "a crusade for confidence in the nation's economy," thought he had the reason for the slump.

Said he: "The country is putting off buying because of doubt about the future. But the money is there. We have to get people to start spending."

Doubt about the economic future is certainly a prime factor, along with complaints that prices are too high, cars too big and too little changed from last year. Finance companies are more choosy about making long-term, 36-month loans; the shorter payoffs require higher monthly payments than many people are willing to take on.

But the biggest trouble, as many auto dealers admit, is that the dealers themselves have not been scared enough to go back to old-fashioned, aggressive kind of selling they once knew. An Indianapolis businessman, in the market for a new auto, gave his name to three salesmen at the January auto show; not one ever called him. Says Warren Carmical, general manager of a Dallas Buick agency: "The trouble is that auto salesmen have had it easy for so long that a lot have forgotten how to work."

Teddy Bears & Toasters. While some dealers still concentrate on gimmick selling by offering everything from toasters and Teddy bears to phony trade-in allowances, most have dropped it. They have found that the public no longer really believes many auto ads, no longer is lured in by gimmicks alone.

Dealers who go in for the old hard sell find the effort worthwhile. By having its salesmen rustle up prospects by phone calls or through friends, hustle out and make personal calls on them, San Francisco's Ellis Brooks Agency sold 40 more Chevrolets in January than in the same 1957 month.



Ben Martin

MASTERS' MASTERS

The winner congratulated the loser.

RETAIL TRADE

Break for the Consumer

No one has battled harder to enforce Fair Trade around the U.S. than giant General Electric Co., which gets an estimated 35% of its \$4 billion annual sales from its consumer products. Last week G.E. threw in the sponge. To dealers and distributors went a letter canceling Fair Trade contracts on the company's prices. Said G.E.: "We have abandoned our policy because we have found it inoperable." Within three days, half a dozen other diehard Fair Traders, including Sunbeam Corp., McGraw-Edison Co. (Toastermaster), Ronson Corp., and Schick Inc., followed G.E.'s lead, dealing the hardest blow yet to the list price as a factor in U.S. retailing.

All this touched off a wave of frenzied price cutting in many cities, as everyone tried to undercut the competition. Manhattan stores sold \$59.95 G.E. clock radios for \$27.95; Los Angeles retailers chopped waffle irons from \$22.95 to \$15.88; Chicago's Sol Polk cut his discount prices on electric skillet from \$12.95 to \$9.98, and hurried to order another 10,000 small appliances. Yet in many other U.S. cities, the news stirred hardly a ripple. In Washington, D.C., Detroit, Dallas, Denver and dozens of other markets, Fair Trade on these items has long since died. Said a Milwaukee department-store executive: "This is hardly news. We've been selling \$28.50 Ronson razors for \$6.03 plus trade-in right along."

Lost Cause. G.E. had been leading a lost cause ever since 1952, when the federal McGuire Act legalized Fair Trade laws. In Fair Trade states, manufacturers, exempted by the McGuire Act from anti-



Ben Martin

BARGAIN HUNTERS AT BROOKLYN'S ABRAHAM & STRAUS
The consumer began calling the tune.

WHO PAYS LIST PRICE?

Everybody Can Now Get It Wholesale

WHEN General Electric gave up Fair Trade and minimum-fixed prices for its wares last week (see Retail Trade), it belatedly recognized a basic fact of modern U.S. retailing. Nobody, or practically nobody, pays list price any more—for appliances, or for autos, furniture, cameras, jewelry, even baby buggies. As one Milwaukee retailer says: "The price tag on my merchandise means nothing."

While no one knows the percentage of total retail sales at cut-rates, merchandisers estimate that 90% of all small appliances are sold below list price, and say that cut-rate sales in other lines are growing fast. Several million young families, whose homes are from 75% to 90% stocked with possessions bought lower-than-list, buy no other way. Thus, while economists worry about the seeming paradox of price rises in the face of a general economic decline, the fact is that the prices contained in the rising Consumer Price Index are not what people really pay. Auto prices last year went up 3.9% at wholesale and 1.5% at retail according to the indexes. But customers got such heavy discounts that they actually wound up paying less than the year before.

For the death of the old-fashioned list price, the U.S. businessman has largely himself to thank. In the days of postwar shortages, the oldtime salesman gave way to mere order-takers, who sold only on the basis of price. And since the "list price" often differs widely from store to store, customers have lost faith in quoted prices, trust only in their own ability to haggle like shoppers in an Oriental bazaar. Says Aubra Johnston of Chicago's Better Business Bureau: "The so-called manufacturer's list price is for the most part baloney. The manufacturer inflates because the retailer demands it. The retailer says he must have it because the customer wants to believe he has been given a big allowance."

Not even the discount houses had any idea that cut-rates would snowball so far so fast. To compete with low-overhead discounters, even the biggest stores run frequent "warehouse sales," "specials," "closeouts," trading at 10% above cost v. the standard 30% to 40% markups. Originally, the big stores restricted competition to a few fast-selling items; now they match discounters dollar for dollar. Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus, Los Angeles' Barker Bros., Jordan, Marsh Co. have started running almost identical ads proclaiming an old retailing slogan: "We Will Not Be Undersold." Milwaukee's Boston Store last week advertised: "Save 22% to 50% on . . . famous Westinghouse appliances." Detroit's J. L. Hudson Co. now tells customers that if they can find a better bargain elsewhere, Hudson's will cut its price to match.

The competition has forced discount houses to add delivery and credit services, advertise widely, and increase their wares until the old, appliance-cluttered cubbyhole is hardly recognizable. The increased cost has shot down many a fly-by-night discounter. But those who survive are accepted as legitimate businesses with all the rights of established stores—and then some. At first, discounters got only distressed merchandise and off-brand appliances. Today, they are such important customers that many manufacturers rate them higher than department stores. One fast-rising newcomer: the "pricelegger," who out-discounts the discounter by operating from an office filled with catalogues, is able to push out a flood of goods for as much as 60% off.

Nowhere does list price mean less than in the U.S. auto industry. Says *Ward's Automotive Reports*: "Discounts are here to stay." The 25% dealer price markup is greater than can be justified by the services performed by the dealer. "The manufacturers' suggested list price has also become meaningless as the difference between it and the actual 'delivered price' that the customer pays has increased. The original list price does not include taxes, delivery charges and optional equipment, which often add \$1,000 to the cost of a car. As customers have learned to bargain harder, the percentage off the delivered price has risen; the average discount on new 1958 cars is 15%, and many dealers give better than 20% to sew up a sale. The unit profit is slim, but they make just as much money selling 25 cars at 5% profit as five cars at 25% profit. Moreover, the owners of those 25 cars come back for service."

To many oldtime retailers, the day of the discount spells doom for the small neighborhood businessman, who has neither the capital nor the market for a high-volume, low-price operation. But while it is rough on retailers, it is fine for the U.S. consumer, who at long last has learned to call the tune. In the long run, it may also prove just the right tonic for U.S. businessmen, who will be forced to pare their soaring distribution costs—which are often equal to production costs—down to realistic levels.

trust prosecution, were permitted to fix minimum prices for an entire state so long as they signed a contract with one dealer; all others were bound, whether they signed or not. Yet no sooner were the laws on the books than retailers started breaking them, cut prices far below company minimums. In five years G.E. alone spent almost \$5,000,000 tracking down violators, brought suit against more than 3,000 price cutters. Yet the pressure against Fair Trade grew so strong that by last year it was enforceable in only 31 states. In 1954 G.E. stopped tagging major appliances with suggested list prices; two years later it gave up on TV sets.

Congratulations. Last fall G.E. took the knockout punch. It had brought suit against Manhattan's Masters Inc., whose 44-year-old boss, Stephen Masters, has built a \$45 million-a-year discount business, selling everything at 20% to 45% off list. After G.E. won the suit against Masters in New York, Masters opened a mail-order discount business in Washington, D.C., which has no Fair Trade law. Masters offered merchandise for sale anywhere, including Fair Trade states. G.E. sued again, but when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review a lower-court decision in favor of Masters, G.E. was licked.

At week's end the reduction on G.E.'s lines and those of the other Fair Traders hit 50% in some stores, but retailers thought they would soon settle down to the 25%-to-35% discount pattern U.S. consumers have come to accept as standard for appliances. Said Discounter Masters: "I congratulate G.E. on finally recognizing the truth of what we've been saying for years—that Fair Trade is unfair to consumer and manufacturer alike."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Still Cheerful

European nations, well aware of the old saw that when the U.S. sneezes the world catches pneumonia, have been anxiously taking their economic temperatures. While inflation has been checked in most countries, there have been only a few scattered sniffls so far. One big reason: U.S. imports have remained high, chiefly because of an increasing demand for small European cars, while exports have dropped. If the U.S. recession ends this year, European businessmen feel that they will not be affected, just as they were not affected by the 1953-54 drop. Items:

■ Britain's exports are booming (cars were a record 14,000 in January), and the ratio of import to export prices is the best since the Korean war. While the prices of the raw materials Britain needs have tumbled, the prices of finished goods have not. The pound has become so strong that the government last week lifted restrictions on pound notes; any amount may be brought into Britain, instead of the previous £10 limit. Unemployment has risen but is only 1.9% of the labor force, not enough to bring a shift in the government's tight credit policy.

■ Italy's gross national product increased

TIME CLOCK

STEEL ORDERS are picking up. After five months of decline, more calls are coming in for construction steel and hardware items. Some top steelmen predict operating rate will rise from current 54% capacity to 60% this month, though no big jump is expected for months.

RAIL EARNINGS will go from bad to worse in the East. Rough weather and passenger deficit caused New York Central to lose more money (\$3,972,104) in January than in any month in three years, and carloadings are running 20% below same period last year. The New Haven, which went \$1,200,000 into red in January, says February loss will be much greater.

PAY-TV FOES are moving in for the kill. Under their pressure, FCC agreed not to consider bids for tests until Congress has a chance to vote on one of three bills to outlaw toll TV. In Los Angeles, Skiatron and International-Telemeter withdrew bids for municipal franchises rather than face citywide election on issue.

WATCH TARIFF will be hard to justify in light of new ODM ruling. In major blow to protectionists, ODM reversed stand, ruled watch imports do not threaten national security since watchmakers are not vital to defense.

BIGGEST ADVERTISER in 1957 was Procter & Gamble with billings of \$57,191,511 (82% for TV). Next in line: General Motors, \$41,834,224; Chrysler Corp., \$30,945,944; Colgate-Palmolive Co., \$29,078,118; Ford Motor Co., \$28,082,142.

\$628 MILLION PLANE ORDER will go to Boeing for 45 B-52G bombers, plus 35 KC-135 jet tank-

ers. An improvement on current B-52s, the G model will eliminate rubber wing tanks, have wings completely filled with fuel for greater range. Major assembly will be done at Boeing's Wichita plant.

MOVIEMAKERS are closing ranks in agreement not to sell post-1948 films to TV. M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox pledged to Theater Owners of America that they will refuse TV offers, Columbia Pictures is "not interested in future sales," and Paramount has "no plans to sell." Contributing factor: James Petrillo's musicians' union has demanded 3% cut on sales of post-'48 movies.

MOSCOW-LONDON FLIGHTS will start next summer. Russia's Aeroflot intends to use twin-jet, TU-104s; British European Airways will fly Viscounts.

FARM INCOMES will rise because farm population is dropping much faster than farm profits. Although total slipped from \$12 billion to \$11.5 billion in past year, per capita farm incomes grew by 10% to \$993. Reason: 2,000,000 persons left farms in 1957.

RED-CHINESE TRADE with Japan will make biggest jump yet. Japanese businessmen signed five-year, \$560 million pact to swap steel products and heavy machinery for ore, coal, soybeans.

TRUCK v. TRAIN FIGHT for West Coast markets will get hotter. Rails will cut number of freight cars per engine, guarantee delivery from Chicago to Coast in five days instead of usual six to buck trucks, which promise third- or fourth-day delivery and usually charge less.

recession. Belgians are worried about high coal stocks and low commodity prices. Dutch agricultural exports are lagging, but overall exports continue to rise 3% a year. Money rates in all the Benelux nations have been dropping. While there is some regional unemployment, Beneluxers are most concerned over the possibility of increasing U.S. competition in export markets.

CORPORATIONS

Ouster of Silberstein

The day of reckoning came last week for pudgy, polished Leopold Dias Silberstein, 53. In the Manhattan board room of his failing Penn-Texas Corp., directors bounced Silberstein from his two top jobs and turned them over to a pair of "neutral" directors who swing the power balance on the board. Although Silberstein held on to the presidency, his chairmanship of the executive committee went to Milton C. Weisman, 62, law partner of New York City's Congressman Emanuel Celler, and his board chairmanship fell to Banker Aaron L. Jacoby, 63.

Since November, the executive committee has made the decisions that Silberstein once made. It can be overruled only by a three-quarters majority of the twelve-man board, where Silberstein controls five votes. The committee's members: Weisman, Jacoby, Silberstein and a newcomer, Alfons Landa, 60, leader of the anti-Silberstein forces. Landa thus got a strong position from which to reach for more control.

A tough-talking Washington law partner of onetime U.S. Senators Millard Tydings and James Duff, Landa has been a key figure in the proxy battles for many top companies, e.g., Fruehauf Trailer, and the current dispute over S. H. Kress. Late in 1956, Landa joined in the Penn-Texas fight along with Robert Morse Jr., whose Fairbanks, Morse & Co. was threatened by a Silberstein takeover. With Morse hankering for the fight, Landa led last year's Penn-Texas proxy crusade that elected two anti-Silberstein directors. Landa was also a key man in forcing last November's shake-up that brought Jacoby and Weisman on the board and set up the executive committee to start reining in Silberstein.

To help pay company debts, the board will try to sell two of its seven subsidiaries, Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co. and Quick-Way Truck Shovel Co. Then it hopes to build up its most promising subsidiary, Pratt & Whitney Co., a machine-toolmaker (no kin to the aircraft-engine firm), while it figures out what to do with Penn-Texas' 46% block of Fairbanks, Morse stock.

INDUSTRY

The Heart of Gold

Ever since 1955, Cleveland's M. A. Hanna coal and iron company has had its eye on a South American lode that would make any miner sharpen his pick. The property: Brazil's St. John D'el Rey, which Brazilians romantically labeled the "heart of gold within a breast of iron." Spreading over 100 square miles in Minas Gerais state, some 200 miles north of Rio de Janeiro, the D'el Rey mines produced only gold for 120 years—and in recent times some heavy deficits for the company's British owners. What magnetized Hanna, which had been built into a \$250 million empire by former Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey, was not the gold heart; it was the iron breast, 2 billion tons of high-grade (60% to 70% pure) ore in the surrounding hills. But getting it was another matter.

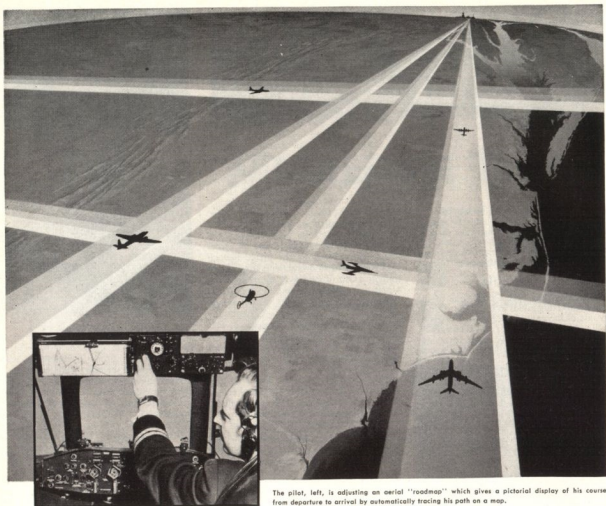
Three for One. For a starter in 1956, Hanna quietly began to buy D'el Rey stock, then selling at \$2.80 per share, bought 12% of the company. Then it discovered that it had competition. German-born Manhattan Investment Banker Leo Model, partner in Model, Roland & Stone and a man who had made (and lost to the Nazis) several fortunes, was also interested, bought in until he had 10% of D'el Rey's stock. When a third group—led by the small Manhattan brokerage firm of Osborne & Thurlow—started bidding and pushed D'el Rey stock up to \$12 per

more than 5% last year, is expected to continue to climb; though the industrial production index in January was down seasonally from December, it still topped January 1957. Housing starts were down, but Italian leaders feel that the U.S. will halt its recession, avoid any effect on the Italian economy.

Germany's production in January was up 5.1% over a year ago, and gross sales up more than 14%. But both production and exports were down from December, although much of the drop was seasonal. Unemployment is up slightly (to 1,432,000). The building industry, crimped by tight money, accounted for 70% of the jobless rise. Prices are easing in the textile, clothing and construction industries, but most German economists expect prices and wages to remain steady.

France, traditionally slow to react to economic fluctuations in the rest of the world, is still fighting inflation. While production is increasing at a rate of 9% annually, prices are still rising. Biggest concern: the government's battle to keep the budget deficit manageable.

The Benelux countries are in a mild



The pilot, left, is adjusting an aerial "roadmap" which gives a pictorial display of his course from departure to arrival by automatically tracing his path on a map.

BENDIX-DECCA NAVIGATION SYSTEM CLARIFIES AIR-TRAFFIC CONGESTION

The orderly, systematic control and operation of air traffic will become a reality through the use of Bendix-Decca, the accurate, all-purpose navigation system. Equally important is the fact that Bendix-Decca is the only known system which successfully provides the means to control jet aircraft when they begin flying the already crowded air lanes at supersonic speeds.

Bendix-Decca, which was developed in the United States, now blankets

major air routes from eastern Canada, across the Atlantic and throughout Europe. On this continent alone, one million square miles are covered by Bendix-Decca from Newfoundland to the Bay of Fundy and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

Bendix-Decca is unique in many aspects. It conserves air space by permitting aircraft to fly in restricted parallel lanes and provides simple traffic patterns for safe speed up of landings. It charts the exact course

being flown by the aircraft on a moving map in the cockpit and can instantaneously relay this information to traffic controllers. It blankets an entire area, even behind obstructions and at any altitude. It is equally accurate for all types of aircraft, including private planes and helicopters. Bendix-Decca also is extensively used for marine navigation. Write our Pacific Division, North Hollywood, California, for the story on Bendix-Decca.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A thousand products



a million ideas

VIEWPOINT: ADVERTISING

Senior Statesman

In some 3,300 advertising agencies all over America, thousands of hard-working business men are pouring their talents into other people's businesses. Some are pink-cheeked, rep-tied, grey-flanneled. Others, like Ather-ton W. Hobler, chairman of the Executive Committee at Benton & Bowles, have been ably practicing their trade for several de-cades. They look and act like the senior statesmen they are.

Hobler, whose wise coffee-brown eyes are good to the last sparkle, likes to talk of advertising in terms of long-range market-ing successes, based on what his people call "a total creativity—i.e., a creative viewpoint in every function that the agency performs."

Vision of the Whole

Hobler, who has been called "one of the finest marketing minds in the country" both by one of the nation's largest advertisers as well as by the president of a rival ad agency, believes there's infinitely more to an ad-campaign than what the public finally sees.



HOBLER:
Creativity should be total.

"We at B&B feel that advertising is a total marketing challenge. We start with a complete evaluation of product contributions—styling, packaging, profit-margins, pricing, distribution. We research both product and consumer, and we test. Only then can we work out a balanced advertising campaign that in addition to brilliance of execution is both sound and profitable."

Ads People Can Believe

Hobler feels that whether the product is toothpaste, orange juice, life insurance or gasoline, the ads that really get below the surface are the ones people can believe. "And without total creativity, it's hard to write ads that are both effective and believ-able," says Hobler.

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by **McCall's**

The magazine of Togetherness

share, both Hanna and Banker Model backed off. Eventually the Osborne syn-dicate picked up 35% of the stock and control of D'el Rey. The only trouble was that the new owners lacked the capital and the mining know-how to make the mine pay off, and asked Banker Model for help. He, in turn, went to M. A. Hanna.

The man who came up with the answers was Humphrey, Hanna vice president and a director. He was interested in nothing less than complete control, and took off on a whirlwind trip to Brazil. He looked over the mine, talked to Brazil's President Juscelino Kubitschek and in six days lined up a deal. Said D'el Rey's British manager: "A very dynamic chap, Hum-phrey. He never even stopped for tea."

Last week M. A. Hanna announced that it had control of St. John D'el Rey and would operate it. The details of the deal were secret, but there was no secret about the richness of the prize. Though D'el Rey's British owners dug nearly \$300 million worth of gold over the years from a maze of galleries running five miles into the earth, they never laid a serious shovel on the iron. In fact, they had bought the hematite ridges humping hundreds of feet high around the property only to protect water rights for their gold mining. Hanna will modernize the gold mine, but the main play is iron.

Gold from Iron. Hanna's goal is to turn D'el Rey into a major ore supplier for the U.S. and Europe; D'el Rey will be almost as big as Hanna's Labrador project, which shipped about 12.5 million tons last year. It plans to spend something like \$300 million for equipment, a railroad and a port to get the ore to market. In winter, Hanna's fleet of 40,000-ton ore carriers will shift southward from ice-locked Lab-rador to Brazil, cut around the world car-rying 10 million tons of ore annually to U.S. and European customers. Nor will the ships go down to Brazil empty. Hanna will load them with U.S. coal, hopes to supply Brazil's entire need. Hanna's time-table: full operations within three years.

To Brazil, Hanna's new project prom-ised a bonanza of new jobs, new power supplies—and possibly \$100 million an-nually of badly needed foreign exchange to help make up for slipping coffee ex-ports. Hanna has made no estimate of the profits it expects, but they should be impressive.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bouncing Platform. A miniature tram-poline for youngsters from 15 months to seven years is being manufactured by Tekay Products of Milwaukee. Called the "Kangaroo Kid," it is made of lightweight aluminum, heavy-duty elastic cord, and a gaily colored, tear-resistant canvas mat measuring 38 in. by 24 in., has a safety handle bar on which toddlers can do their tricks. Price: \$19.95.

Zoom Lens. Bell & Howell put on sale a new zoom-lens attachment for 16-mm. home movie cameras with which the cam-era buff can change focal length from



Walter Bennett

HANNA'S HUMPHREY
More for iron than gold.

wide-angle to normal to telescope with the turn of a handle, enabling him to keep right on shooting while switching from closeups to long or panoramic shots.

Electric Rug. A carpet pad that can be plugged in like an electric blanket to supply radiant heating in mild climates will be marketed by Britain's Thermalay Ltd. Developed after 18 months of re-search by electrical engineers and textile men, the pad is designed to heat all the air in a room evenly, give a floor tem-perature of 70° to 75°. Price in the U.S.: about \$75.



TEKAY'S "KANGAROO KID"
For more bounce to the ounce.

Synthetic Sod. A new, weed-retarding method of sowing lawns has been developed by Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. A green mat of synthetic fibers containing grass seed is unrolled on the soil, giving a lawnlike appearance while the grass takes hold and keeping out weeds. It disappears as the lawn grows. Price: 10¢ to 18¢ per sq. yd.

ADVERTISING

New Image for Chrysler

Beetle-browed Leo Burnett, 66, chairman of Chicago's Leo Burnett Co. Inc., is a fast-moving adman who looks and acts much younger than his age. In 22 years he has expanded his agency billings from \$1,000,000 to \$80 million, captured the No. 10 spot in domestic billing among U.S. agencies.

But Leo Burnett was not satisfied. He coveted a big auto account because "the industry hasn't been doing a very good job of selling itself to the public, and we felt a lot of new images could be built." He started a campaign of "systematic exposure," put ads in Detroit newspapers announcing his intention to get an auto account, sent his executives up and down the industry extolling Burnett's services and facilities.

Last week Burnett landed the Chrysler corporate account, worth about half of Chrysler's current ad budget of \$16.5 million (down some \$10 million because of lagging Chrysler sales). Later Chrysler also announced that Burnett will handle the Chrysler export passenger-car account as well. Leo Burnett will now have the chance to show the new images needed to stop Chrysler's slide in sales.

URANIUM

Stockpile or Shortage?

A group of Western miners flew into Washington last week with a hurry-up call for the Government to start stockpiling uranium concentrate. The miners told the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy that they have been unable to sell enough of their ore since the AEC decided to stop expansion of U.S. uranium mills (TIME, Nov. 11) and that prospecting has virtually stopped.

The majority of the committee favored the stockpile idea, and its vice chairman, New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton P. Anderson, drafted a bill to authorize stockpile buying. The plan is for AEC to pile up 7,250 tons of concentrate a year, expand mill capacity from 17,500 tons to 24,750 tons by the end of 1959. In a few years when AEC's contracts to buy from Canada and Africa expire, AEC could feed the concentrate into atomic plants in place of the foreign concentrate that now supplies half of U.S. needs. By 1966 the stockpile would be eaten away. Cost of the plan to the U.S.: \$5,000,000.

AEC would not commit itself. Yet it was openly concerned about the plight of the miners. Its raw materials chief, Jesse C. Johnson, was re-examining the wisdom of the moratorium on mill con-



Mississippi Today

Economic Indicators Showing Percentage of Increase from 1939 to 1956 based on dollar volume.



OIL AND MINERALS OUTPUT
Mississippi 6700.0
U. S. A. 464.6



ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION
Mississippi 5111.9
U. S. A. 423.6



PULP-PAPER MANUFACTURING
Mississippi 2800.0
U. S. A. 419.2



MACHINERY MANUFACTURING
Mississippi 2100.0
U. S. A. 739.2



RUBBER MANUFACTURING OUTPUT
Mississippi 1600.0
U. S. A. 464.6



FINANCE AND REALTY
Mississippi 1250.0
U. S. A. 391.4

Percentage-wise, the RECORD shows that for this same period Mississippi increases have outstripped the remainder of the United States in the following typical fields: retail trade, farm cash income, non-durable goods manufacturing, food manufacturing output, and furniture manufacturing.

That's Progress for a state which suffered total economic destruction less than a hundred years ago.

That's Progress for a state whose citizens had less than fifty cents per person on bank deposit in 1890.

That's Progress for a state which was financially able to spend only a quarter of a million dollars on education in 1890 as compared to EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS today. Mississippi has increased its educational expenditures 500% since 1944 and is one of the few states which furnishes free textbooks to all its students in public and private schools without regard to race or other status.

Mississippi's Invitation to Industry

And did you know that Mississippi will finance the construction of your new industrial plant, will grant liberal tax exemptions, in addition to supplying many other natural advantages? Your inquiry will be welcome and treated in strictest confidence.

Mississippi Agricultural & Industrial Board • Jackson, Miss.



DO YOU BORROW BRAINS?

Woodrow Wilson did. "I not only use all the brains I have," he said, "but all I can borrow."

Makes sense, doesn't it? We think so. That's why we encourage our customers—and everyone else who is interested in owning stocks—to use the services of our Research Division, which is made up of more than a hundred men and women with access to all the pertinent facts and figures on the major companies in every American industry.

Research will recommend investments to suit your situation if you wish, or review your present holdings, or give you a well-documented opinion on almost any company that interests you. This service is yours for the writing, without charge or obligation—whether you are a customer or not.

So exercise your executive abilities and delegate your investment problems to our Research Division. Remember, two heads are better than one—and one hundred are better than two.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH

*Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges*

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Offices in 112 Cities

struction, will report to the congressional committee in mid-March.

Huge heaps of ore have arisen around western mines; in Wyoming's rich Gas Hills area, Vitro Uranium Co. now has 40,000 tons on hand. Vitro shut down its drilling rigs, laid off half its mining force, planned to discharge the other half this month—unless something happened. Throughout New Mexico's Grants-Amrosia Lake region, only twelve rigs were drilling last week v. more than 40 before AEC's freeze. The New Mexico State Land Office last month could lease only six of the 30 tracts it auctioned, and high bids reached the princely sum of \$118. The real danger is that if too many prospectors give up, the U.S. may be squeezed for uranium supplies in the future. AEC admits that known reserves of ore—75 million tons—will be used up in ten years.

HOUSING

G.E.'s New Heat Pump

Home builders and owners have long dreamed of a cheap and practical heat pump to maintain comfortable temperatures in homes both winter and summer. This week the dream was a big step closer to reality. General Electric Co. unveiled a new, three-ton model of its Weathertron heat pump specifically designed for the mass home-building market. The new G.E. pump will heat or cool a seven-room house in temperatures ranging from -20° to 120° . Cost: about \$2,000, including installation.

The pump operates by electricity, uses a motor compressor and coils much like a refrigerator to keep the house at comfortable temperatures. In summer it draws the hot air out of the house through ducts, runs it over a refrigerated coil, circulates the cooled air back through the house. In winter, the pump draws in the cold outside air, picks up heat from it by passing it over an even colder coil; the heat is then transferred by fluid to a compressor, which raises the fluid to a high temperature, passes it to a second coil used to heat inside air. When the outside temperature falls below 20° , thus lowering the system's efficiency, an extra electric heating unit goes into operation to help heat the air.

General Electric already has orders for 1,000 heat pumps to be installed in a new housing project at Cape Canaveral, Fla., hopes that four times as many heat pumps will be sold in the next three years as were in the last seven years. Biggest obstacle to widespread acceptance is the fact that the pump is still too expensive to operate in any but mild Southern climates, where little heating is needed in winter.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

John V. Naish, 50, executive vice president of General Dynamics' Convair Division, moved up to president, succeeding General Joseph T. McNarney, 64, who is retiring (TIME, Jan. 20). Naish, brother of Cinemactor J. Carrol Naish, graduated

Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. D. L. Urling, head of the Urling Grain Company, in McCook, Nebraska, bought a high-priced car on the same day that he ordered his '58 Rambler. After three months and 6000 miles on his Rambler, much of it over "dirt and gravel roads," he writes:

"Would not sell it for \$4,000"

"I have found my Rambler to be so well constructed that it is free from dust and road noise. We are averaging 23 mpg; this covers 50% city and 50% country driving. There is no car in its price range or for that matter costing a thousand more that can compare with Rambler for ease of driving and riding comfort...if I were unable to replace mine today, I would not sell it for \$4,000."

A smashing success! Two months after its debut the new 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler American has won the hearts of economy-minded Americans.

Lower priced than many foreign small cars, more room than any foreign small car—plus top economy! See it now! At all Rambler dealers.



To be well informed

and up to date

read **TIME**

America's most important newsmagazine

IN OFFICES, PLANNED AND FURNISHED BY GF...

WORKING'S *more pleasant*

Experience proves that the Goodform principle of correct and comfortable seating minimizes fatigue, increases productivity, heightens morale.

GF offers—in one comprehensive package—everything needed to create pleasant, comfortable office surroundings . . . *complete* space and work flow planning . . . a *complete* line of job-selected business furniture . . . *complete* design and decorator services.

To learn all about GF furniture and services, call your local GF branch office or dealer. The General Fireproofing Company, Department T-11, Youngstown 1, Ohio.



GENERAL FIREPROOFING

MODE-MAKER, GENERALAIRE, 1600 LINE DESKS • GOODFORM CHAIRS
SUPER-FILER • SHELVING • PARTITIONS



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This mutual investment company is designed to provide in ONE security a BALANCED INVESTMENT PROGRAM through diversified holdings of common stocks (selected for possible growth of principal and income); and preferred stocks and bonds (chosen for income and characteristics of stability). Get the facts on BOSTON FUND, now. Ask your investment dealer for a prospectus, or write:

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BOSTON 9, MASS.

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

from Fordham in '29, learned the industry from the bottom (he started as a mechanic) before he joined Convar in 1947, became executive vice president in 1952.

¶ Walter A. Haas Jr., 42, vice president of San Francisco's famed Levi Strauss & Co., stepped up to president, succeeding his uncle (by marriage), Daniel E. Koshland, 65. Haas represents the fourth generation of Strausses to run the 108-year-old firm that has made "Levi's" a synonym for all blue jeans. Son of Board Chairman Walter A. Haas, he graduated from Harvard Business School ('39), started as a \$100-a-month factory worker.

¶ Stuart T. Saunders, 48, executive vice president of Norfolk & Western Railway Co., became president, succeeding retiring Robert H. Smith, 69. After graduating

from Roanoke College ('30) and Harvard Law School ('34), Saunders practiced law in Washington, joined N. & W.'s legal department in 1939, moved up to general counsel in 1951.

¶ Armand Hammer, 59, board chairman of Mutual Broadcasting System, stepped in as president, replacing Paul Roberts, 44. Hammer, an independent oilman, formed the syndicate that bought Mutual from RKO Teleradio Pictures, Inc. last August, installed Roberts, a Los Angeles radio executive, to pull the money-losing network into the black. While Roberts' big stress on music and news brought MBS to the break-even point, he and Hammer reportedly disagreed on the future plans. Hammer said he would remain president only until he could get someone else.

MILESTONES

Born. To Debbie Reynolds, 25, cinematress (*Tammy and the Bachelor*), and Eddie Fisher, 29, wavy-haired jukebox champion (*I Believe*): their second child, first son; in Burbank, Calif. Weight: 8 lbs. 7½ oz.

Born. To Robert Francis Kennedy, 32, tenacious, windy-haired chief counsel for the McClellan committee, and Ethel Skakel Kennedy, 28: their sixth child, fourth son; in Washington. Name: Michael. Weight: 8 lbs. 5 oz.

Married. Gisele MacKenzie (real name: Marie Louise Marguerite Gisele La Fleche), 31, pert TV songstress (the "voice of Canada"); and Robert Shuttleworth, 44, onetime Canadian bandleader who gave Gisele her first singing job, has managed her career ever since; she for the first time, he for the second; in Las Vegas.

Married. Yigal Mossensohn, 41, Israeli novelist, short-story writer, playwright; and Doris Soroko, 23, of Manhattan, a Revlon vice president's daughter, who went to Israel to improve her Hebrew; in Maayan Tsvi, Israel.

Married. General Earle Everard Partridge, U.S.A.F., 57, commander of the North American Air Defense Command; and Elizabeth Strong Cowles, 41, alpinist, member of the 1950 American expedition to Mt. Everest; both for the second time; in Colorado Springs.

Married. Usher L. Burdick, 79, Republican Congressman from North Dakota for 17 years, lawyer, rancher, collector of rare books; and Jean Rodgers, thirtyish, his secretary; he for the third time, she for the second; in Washington.

Died. Frederick M. Dearborn Jr., 46, Special Assistant to President Eisenhower for Security Operations Coordination, watchdog over the implementation of National Security Council decisions; of shock and acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis; in Washington. Educated at Harvard and

a lieutenant colonel in World War II, Boston Lawyer Dearborn joined the White House Staff last May.

Died. Matthew Smith, 64, secretary of the Mechanics Educational Society of America, and sometime maverick of U.S. labor, who in 1942 created the Confederated Unions of America to buck the hegemony of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations; of a heart attack; in Miami Beach. Articulate, Lancashire-born Matthew Smith—who stirred up the nation when he called strikes in wartime—thought that the closed shop, dues checks-off, rigid seniority systems and party politics should be shunned by a healthy union.

Died. Tertius van Dyke, 72, dean emeritus of Connecticut's Hartford Theological Seminary, onetime pastor of Manhattan's Park Avenue Presbyterian Church ("Religion makes a very small dent upon New York"), son and biographer of clergyman-educator Henry van Dyke; of pneumonia; in New Milford, Conn.

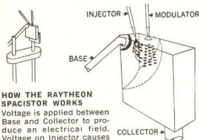
Died. Edward Ashbury O'Neal, 82, onetime (1931-47) president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, influential voice in the shaping of New Deal farm policies, key figure (with Henry A. Wallace) in the passage of the first Agriculture Adjustment Act and the subsequent Soil Conservation Act; in Florence, Ala. O'Neal watched with satisfaction his federation's membership grow from 276,000 to 1,275,000 during his tenure as president, once said of farm production: "We should figure out our future on the basis of human needs—of goods and service—and not on the basis of money."

Died. Taikwan Yokoyama, 89, Japan's grand old man of painting, who turned out more than 10,000 traditional works on silk (best known: *The Wheel of Life*, a 140-ft.-long scroll done in black ink), was almost equally famous for his intake of sake (two quarts a day); of bronchial pneumonia; in Tokyo.

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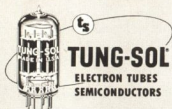
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CINEMA

The Last Cinemogul

Last week, after picking out the site for his tomb and announcing that he would probably die soon, Cinemogul Harry Cohn, 66, president of Columbia Pictures Corp., suffered a coronary thrombosis in Phoenix, Ariz., died in a wailing ambulance on the way to the hospital. A career that paralleled the great, glittering days of the cinema had outlasted the great days themselves.

Traffic in Souls, a 1913 five-reeler about white slavery, was New York-born Harry Cohn's first picture. Returning 79 times its \$5,700 cost, it taught him that 1) big money could be made from a small investment and 2) "the public wants sex." In 1920, with brother Jack and Joe Brandt, he founded the C.B.C. Company, forerunner of Columbia, on an initial outlay of \$250. After the Cohns had bought out Brandt's interest in 1929, Harry took over as president.

The man whom Ben Hecht dubbed "The White Fang" ran Columbia as if he were the master of an ancient trireme. He had no illusions about his popularity—and cared less. "If you print anything good about me," he once told a reporter, "nobody will believe it." He got the most out of his staff by forcing them to defend their ideas against withering blasts of personal abuse, vulgarity and threats, on the theory that only the best ideas could withstand such a test. His methods paid off. While other film companies were bending under the Depression, Columbia showed increasing profits by turning out such top-flight pictures as *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Harry Cohn borrowed stars and paid them by the day, concentrated on low-cost productions, stayed out of the chain theater business. And Cohn-made names began to glitter—Clark Gable, Director Frank Capra, Robert Montgomery, Rita Hayworth, Humphrey Bogart, Judy Holliday.

Despite his penny pinching, gambling brought Harry Cohn his biggest thrills and his greatest triumphs at the box office; e.g., no one else liked the chances of *The Jolson Story*, *From Here to Eternity* or *Picnic*. Cohn made millions on them.

Columbia was one of the first major studios to recognize the inevitable and get into the production of TV films (Screen Gems, Inc.). But with TV's arrival came the end of Hollywood's unchallenged era. Last week, just before Harry Cohn died, Columbia issued a financial report showing the largest semi-annual loss (\$820,000) in the company's history.

The New Pictures

The *Lovemaker* (Trans-Lux). Constrained by customs rooted in the Moslem and the medieval, millions of Spanish women sit behind their lattices and, as the Spanish say, "wait for the blue prince." For a pretty girl or a wealthy girl, the wait may not be long. For those who have neither looks nor money, life can be

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and all your mail . . . include your zone number in your return address after the city, before the state. The mail you send will get there faster too if the address carries a zone number.



"Governor Thomson at the shelter house dedication, tells us 'Progress must be a partnership' . . . points out Rib Mountain's ski facilities as evidence. They've been made possible by the joint work of the State Conservation Department and Wausau Civic groups. In the picture, Governor Thomson and I chat with Mrs. Warren Knowles, wife of Wisconsin's Lieutenant Governor."



"As long as I've been in the business, I've seen orders come in for White Stag sports clothes from Wausau's Palace Clothiers. I stopped by, of course, and proudly watched as Manager Ted Goertz showed one of our ski outfits to Jerry Gunderson."

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. Hirsch for visiting us in Wausau and revealing another facet of the Wausau Story. Admittedly, we are proud of our community and the way of working it inspires. Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile) and is one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Our business is growing and we need more people to help us—especially in our sales department. If you are interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide organization, write to C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

From Rib Mountain, "the top of Wisconsin"...
a clear view of an amazing community spirit

Wausau Story

by HAROLD C. HIRSCH, President,
White Stag Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon

"I SAW IT the minute I got off the plane at Wausau . . . Rib Mountain, with the ski run dipping down through the clearing.

"The sight reminded me of a significant change in people's activities . . . a change that prompted my company to manufacture clothes for both summer and winter sports. This spot used to be popular only in summer. Now, as the ski run proves, people enjoy this place the year 'round. I meant to enjoy it too because I'm a skier myself. What's more, Governor Vernon Thomson was there to

dedicate the new additions to the Rib Mountain shelter house that day.

"A great celebration. I was impressed by everything I saw. Families enjoying the sport together . . . the voluntary National Ski Patrol there to help. This is Wausau, the personality and spirit of the community clearly revealed. No wonder people from Wausau are known as 'good people to do business with.' It's true of Employers Mutuals, as it is of my business . . . the design of our 'products' comes from the very life we lead."



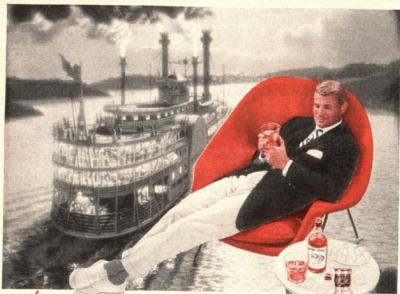
"More than 530 children are registered in the free Ski School, sponsored by the Wausau Daily Record Herald. Dave Graebel, a Wausau business man, has directed the school since it began 11 years

ago. To help him in this annual project, he has 31 high school students (each one a graduate of this Ski School) and a staff of 3 adults who volunteer as strap tighteners and nose wipers."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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Southern Comfort

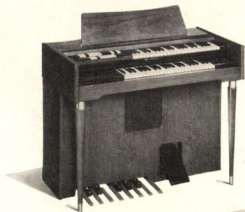
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the sort of gradual death this picture painfully and vividly anatomizes.

It is a pretty good picture, all in all, one of the best of the bad lot that has been made in Spain in the last 20 years. The remarkable thing is that it was made at all. In the midst of the shooting schedule, Director Juan Bardem, a 35-year-old Madrileño whose liberal opinions had not endeared him to the secret police of Franco's Spain, was awakened one chill dawn by a knock on the door. After eleven days of questioning in jail and protests by French intellectuals, he was released and allowed to finish the film. The experience, it would seem, did not intimidate him.

The heroine of his picture (Betsy Blair, who also played the plain girl in *Marty*)



BLAIR & SUAREZ
Like a kid playing with an ant.

is "a real scarecrow," according to the village bucks who drink away the afternoon at the cantina and fool away the night at the *burdel*. Worse still, she is not even rich. One day, mostly for want of anything better to do, they decide to play a practical joke. One of them is assigned to make love to her, propose to her, and at the very last minute, maybe just before the wedding, tell her it was all a gag.

The situation is timeworn, but Director Bardem manages to make it seem fresh. His scenes of the wooing, though there are too many of them, are often affecting. The man (José Suárez) is ardent and ashamed by turns, the girl at first stunned, then slowly filling up with happiness, as a cup fills with clear water. Days she wanders dreaming through the house, spreading out her clothes, lingering at mirrors. Nights, abjectly available, she clings to him like sticking plaster, tells him too much: the agony of waiting, of being 35 without a man.

Not really a bad fellow, he begins to understand what he is doing. Guiltily,

TIME, MARCH 10, 1958

he asks to get out of the shabby joke, but his friends will not let him out. "Like kids playing with ants," they push the joke to its logical, dreadful conclusion—a conclusion in which Bardem's heroine becomes a symbol of all the homely, unloved women in the world.

I Was a Teenage Frankenstein (American-International). There's this mad scientist, see. He's a descendant of Baron Frankenstein, the mad scientist who invented Boris Karloff, and naturally he wants to keep up the family tradition. So one day he ups to another scientist and says, sneaky-like: "I plan to assemble a human being." His friend is horrified. "But, Professor Frankenstein, you can't—" Oh yes, he can, and what's more, he plans to make a teen-age monster. After all, *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* was a howling success at the box office last year. Explains the mad scientist: "Only in youth is there hope."

So the two scientists go down to Professor Frankenstein's secret underground laboratory, where there is an enormous refrigerator in which he keeps a big pile of arms, legs, brains and other spare parts collected from passing teen-agers. In less time than it takes an ordinary doctor to take a temperature, they have built themselves a real live teen-age monster (Gary Conway) and fed the leftovers to a crocodile that is kept around as a sort of garbage-disposal unit. No sooner does the monster come out of the anesthetic than Professor Frankenstein, in deadly earnest, commands him: "Speak! You've got a civil tongue in your head. I know you have because I sewed it in myself."

And so on. As a sequel to *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *IWATF* will probably rank as one of the year's biggest horrors.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacificism, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).

Pal Joey. A mildly anemic version of the full-blooded Broadway musical—with Frank Sinatra supplying a strong jolt of the glamour vitamin (TIME, Oct. 28).

Les Girls. The most stylish movie musical of the year; with Kay Kendall, the most stylish comedienne the British have turned up in 30 years (TIME, Oct. 14).

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This razz-ma-lazz reunion with "Fingers," "Pee Wee" and friends has all the kick of bathtub gin. T935

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BOOKS

Split-Level Reverend

THE MACKEREL PLAZA (260 pp.)—Peter De Vries—Little, Brown (\$3.75).

Peter De Vries may be the best comic novelist now at work in the U.S. A competing practitioner, England's Kingsley (Lucky Jim) Amis, thinks he is "the funniest serious writer to be found either side of the Atlantic." The real test is not the laugh count. Anyone who has read *The Tunnel of Love* (TIME, May 24, 1954) and *Comfort Me with Apples* (TIME, April 30, 1956) knows that the



NOVELIST DE VRIES
Theology in bed.

gags and puns—sometimes outrageously funny and sometimes just outrageously—are simply the dressing for an underlying rueful kindness. Ruefully, Author De Vries has picked his targets, among them the more ludicrous foibles of suburbia, people who are at once selfish and self-righteous, silly social and moral postures.

His new novel, *The Mackerel Plaza*, is a chancy thing. It is both difficult and dangerous to be funny about religion, and Andrew Mackerel is a minister—a rather odd one but by no means unrecognizable. For one thing, he is not too strong on God. His Connecticut parishioners at the People's Liberal Church (P.L. for short) are accustomed to such dogma as: "It is the final proof of God's omnipotence that he need not exist in order to save us." This sounds like a perfectly reasonable approach in "the first split-level church in America," a church whose pulpit "consists of a slab of marble set on four legs of four delicately differing fruitwoods, to symbolize the four Gospels, and their failure to harmonize."

Susceptible Minister. Andrew Mackerel loves to be told that he does not look like a minister, and two words that he

abhors are "preacher" and "brother." What is more, he is a snide snob about the pious. (When addressed with: "Brother, have you found Christ?" he replies: "Is he lost again?") For those of his parishioners who find the going too rough, there is a Jungian analyst on the church payroll.

As might be expected, the Reverend Mr. Mackerel's problems have only casually to do with religion. A recent widower, he hopes to marry a bit-part actress who has given up the stage but still has the kind of good looks that it takes to disturb a highly susceptible minister. They rendezvous in cheap hotels and restaurants, and he even manages to hire her as his secretary. But his late wife, a woman noted for good works, is alive in everyone's memory. How marry the secretary while the community is even now planning a monument to his wife's memory? This problem is never finally solved; instead, poor Mackerel, busily talking theology, pops into bed with his handsome sister-in-law Hester.

Bedeveling Miracle. On the way to a fairly predictable ending, Author De Vries gets in some funny licks. Do-gooders and civic busybodies are pleasantly pilloried. Above all, streamlined bogus religion gets its lumps ("People's Liberal is a church designed to meet the needs of today, and to serve the whole man"). There is even a miracle thrown in to bedevil Mackerel's ultramodern, watered-down faith. A Dutch Calvinist whose own religious upbringing was of the hell-fire, no-nonsense kind, Author De Vries makes Mackerel by turn silly and sympathetic, will shock many readers by sometimes seeming to treasure Mackerel's most far-fetched godlessness.

From highly unlikely material, De Vries has written an amusing book, whose final cut of irony is two-edged. In the end, "Holy Mackerel" accepts not only Hester's charms but her theological argument for God's existence (she asserts it in tones she might use to uphold the local P.T.A.) and her vaguely benevolent faith—"To be as humane as is humanly possible." Over his morning coffee, Mackerel wonders: "Was that the fruit of human wisdom?" And, sadly, he concludes: "Maybe so."

Country of No Answers

THEY CAME TO CORDURA (213 pp.)—Glendon Swarthout—Random House (\$3.50).

This is a study in the anatomy of courage. The specimens first dehydrated, then dissected by the author are U.S. cavalrymen of the 1916 punitive expedition against Pancho Villa. The setting is the arid hills of Chihuahua, and the enmity of the alien country itself becomes clear in the first sentences: "The land is carrion land. . . . A man wishes for a sound. It is a country of no answers."

The book's leading characters are, on the face of it, five heroes and one coward, Major Thomas Thorn—stocky, undistinguished, middle-aged—is the coward. Dur-

ing his first skirmish, he had crept trembling into a culvert. Partly in deference to his dead father, a crop-thwacking cavalryman, Thorn was not court-martialed. Instead, with thickly sabeted irony, he was exiled from his outfit to become a writer of awards for the Medal of Honor. Without cynicism, Commanding General John J. Pershing (in an imaginary conversation) explained to Thorn the pressing need for medal winners: with U.S. entanglement in the World War looming, the public should have some heroes to idolize.

Disillusion of Down. At the novel's outset, the major—driven by a pitiable need to search for whatever goads some men to bravery—has got hold of one medal candidate. Thorn gets permission



NOVELIST SWARTHOUT
Disgrace under pressure.

to escort him, and whomever else he finds worthy of the medal, back to the rear-area encampment at Cordura. Next day he watches his old regiment clatter through a last cavalry charge, and with judgment perhaps clouded by shame, picks the four most spectacular performers of the battle to receive the medal. With his five picked soldiers and a saddle-toughened woman prisoner of war, he begins the long ride to Cordura.

Disillusion sets in almost with the first broiling Mexican sunrise. Thorn's first hero, a boy browbeaten into memorizing the Old Testament by an evangelist father, says in shame and confusion that he outshot 30 Villistas because "the Lord took hold of me" (actually he hates his father and loathes religion). Another makes it apparent that he charged an almost impregnable position alone because he thought it would look good on his record. A foolish, dull-eyed boy vaulted a gate and opened it under hailing fire because he was too stupid to imagine being shot.

Across the Badlands. So, one after the other, the "heroes" are stripped, and their courage is put in question. Thorn writes out his citations without mention of mo-

tive, doggedly leads his surly band through the parched badlands. Food and water run short, a chance band of Villistas pins down the party with rifle fire, and Thorn, rather than risk one of his heroes, hands over their horses. The men call it cowardice. The plot becomes as thorny as a Chihuahuas cactus until, with the last shreds of his officer's prestige, Thorn flogs the men and the woman toward Cordura.

By the time the wanderers, added by the sun and gut-racked by the alkaline water, reach the hideous end of their journey, Novelist Swarthout has sketched a powerful case against the military. Some of the characters, including the woman prisoner and a fugitive criminal, have a prefabricated, Hollywood patness. But Novelist Swarthout writes in a workmanlike style that only occasionally recalls the toothless tigers of the men's magazines. He explores a dark quadrant of the mind, and if he has not solved its paradoxes—coward's courage and hero's cowardice—it may be because, as he says of Chihuahuas, it is a country of no answers.

The Little Strangers

THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS (247 pp.)—John Wyndham—Ballantine (\$3.50).

As a rule science fiction is neither: most writers of real talent believe that their place is in the home, not in outer space. An exception is John Wyndham, a British novelist who manages to be in both places at the same time and to apply a sort of documentary style to the description of a world of sinister flapdoodle.

Novelist Wyndham well knows the first rule in writing a chiller—effective specifiers must be ectoplasmatter-of-fact—and so he takes the dullest, most ordinary village in England to populate with his monsters. Nothing much noteworthy has happened in Midwich since the Black Death. One day something very odd does happen: every living thing falls into a trance. All who pass through an invisible perimeter pass out. Traffic piles up. Some victims are hauled out by hooks from the edge of this zone of silence: they wake up unharmed. Promptly, of course, official hush-hush seals off Midwich and its sleeping citizenry. After two nights and a day the mysterious influence lifts, but the villagers awake to an even odder situation than their unreal coma.

One by one every woman of child-bearing age in the village, including the most repellent and chaste, turns out to be pregnant. There are, naturally, cases of attempted suicide and abortion and indignant husbands and shame-stricken spinsters. What seems to be an outbreak of mass parthenogenesis has raised problems of theological, scientific and political interest. This is nothing to what happens when the village doctor has his busy days and the little strangers prove to be stranger than is customary even in science fiction. The fathers, it is now clear, came from outer space, and left no forwarding address. Nor did they leave any clue as to why the children (60 in all) should have golden eyes and be gifted with the

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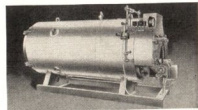
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power that all ordinary children want but do not always get—the ability to command the adult world.

This outbreak is not unique. The news seeps out that a similar occurrence took place among the Eskimos, who superstitiously exposed all the strange children to death, and in Russia, which ideologically blasted the unwelcome visitors out of the world with an atomic cannon. How will the commonsensical British deal with this nonsensical problem? Author Wyndham expends the imagination and skill of a serious novelist on resolving the question. Incidentally, he gives a depressingly convincing picture of British social life. Wyndham has chosen to write about the impossible but has the talent to prove that it happened in an all-too-probable place.

History's Lost Opportunity

THE DECISION TO INTERVENE (513 pp.)—George F. Kennan—Princeton University Press [\$7.50].

The strangling of Bolshevism at its birth would have been an untold blessing to the human race.

—Winston Churchill, 1949

In *Russia Leaves the War*, the first of a three-volume study in progress of Soviet-American relations (1917-20), scholarly ex-Diplomat George F. Kennan described the birth of Bolshevism in Russia. Volume II, *The Decision to Intervene*, tells the fascinating story of how the Allies irresolutely attempted to strangle the new-born Red monster.

Scarcely a single, clear-cut, concerted decision was taken by the leading Allies (Britain, France, Japan and the U.S.) during six months (March through August 1918) of diplomatic maneuverings leading up to joint troop landings on Russian soil. Author Kennan makes plain that the initial urge to intervene was based not on the Bolshevik but the German menace. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk took Russia out of the war and left the Germans free to mount what was to be their last massive offensive on the Western Front. The Allies also feared that the port of Murmansk and tens of thousands of tons of war supplies in Archangel and Vladivostok would fall into German hands.

Nowhere was the "confusion and complexity" of when, how, why, and if to intervene more strikingly illustrated than in the American diplomatic camp. U.S. Ambassador David R. Francis was an aging (67), old-line Missouri politician with a passion for poker. British Agent Bruce Lockhart recalled that after dinner, "Francis began to fidget like a child who wishes to return to its toys. His rattle, however, was a deck of cards." Ambassador Francis' poker-faced response to the Russian enigma was to hole up 250 miles north of Moscow in the town of Volodga, where he received garbled telegraphic reports from his Moscow subordinates.

Occupational Therapy. His two chief informants canceled each other out, Madeline Summers was U.S. consul general in

Moscow, a stiffly honorable diplomat who was not on speaking terms with the key Bolsheviks and believed them to be nothing but German agents. Raymond Robins was the supercharged head of the American Red Cross mission and had become chummy with Lenin and Trotsky. Robins seems to have believed that the exercise of power was a form of occupational therapy for the Soviet leaders and "that they could be made, over a short time, into reliable and effective allies."

To this wealth of misconceptions, Ambassador Francis sometimes added a weird and wily nugget of his own. On one occasion, he authorized the chief of the American military mission to help Trotsky in

boot, of course, was the Soviet reign of terror; Lenin and Trotsky, between hasty Kremlin lunches "of salt pork, buckwheat grits, and red caviar," were stamping out all political opposition. Wilson might never have heeded Anglo-French pleas for intervention had it not been for "sentimental" considerations involving the Czechs, to whose postwar birth as a nation Wilson was passionately dedicated.

Czech Mates. The Brest-Litovsk treaty had stranded a Czechoslovak legion in the Ukraine. Before long, these displaced Czech soldiers were locked in combat with the Reds. Wilson believed that they were fighting against bands of German war prisoners who had rearmed themselves, and when he finally gave the order to intervene on July 6, 1918, the U.S. commitment was mainly limited to "aiding the Czechs against German and Austrian prisoners" and "guarding the military stores at Kola," a village near Murmansk. (There were no military stores at Kola.) When a battalion of U.S. doughboys slogged into combat positions in knee-deep water 100 miles from Archangel, posters provided by British General Headquarters proclaimed that their enemies were Bolsheviks—"soldiers and sailors who, in the majority of cases are criminals . . . Their natural, vicious brutality enabled them to assume leadership."

For his third volume, Historian Kennan reserves the melancholy story of "the fate of these young Americans" engaged in "a foreign civil war in the endless swamps and forests of the Russian Arctic."

Too Little, Too Late. Despite Kennan's strenuous objectivity, one inescapable conclusion leaps from the pages of his book—taken rapidly and resolutely, the decision to intervene would have snapped Bolshevik power like a twig. More than a score of separate Russian governments were contesting Lenin's right to rule on Russian soil. The Russian people were famine-ridden and war-weary. Lenin himself relied on endless improvisation. If this was one of history's great lost opportunities, the chief culprit was Woodrow Wilson. Democrat Kennan admits: "[Wilson] drew out to himself, ultimately, the blame for the failure of the entire venture (on the ground that the United States' contribution had been too little and too late)."

Author Kennan's own thinking about Russia has not advanced as far as might be expected beyond Wilson's. This is demonstrated in Kennan's BBC lectures about the need for "disengagement" (*TIME*, Dec. 23), now published in book form as *Russia, the Atom and the West*.

But Historian Kennan's massive scholarship spills over into dozens of mood vignettes that give the Russian scene—cold, bleak, vast, secretive, despotic—an almost fictional verisimilitude. For the rest, Kennan relies too heavily on the modern liberal cliché that the tragedies of history are largely failures of communication. "Keep the diplomatic talks going," seems to be his version of "Keep your powder dry." Yet, talk is a language the Russians have never understood.



Wide World

IDEALIST WILSON

The boot was on the other foot.

the formation of the new Red army on the ground that such an army could "by proper methods be taken from Bolshevik control and used against Germans, and even [against] its creators." Nevertheless, since official Washington offered scant guidance, Historian Kennan gives Francis high marks for showing as much "fidelity, persistence, courage" as he did.

Idealistic Swivet. As early as May 2, Ambassador Francis made a forthright plea for intervention, asking rhetorically "whether [the] Allies can longer afford to overlook principles [of worldwide social revolution] which Lenin is aggressively championing."

But President Wilson was in an idealistic swivet. In Kennan's view, he cherished an "image of the Russians as a simple people, clothed in a peculiar virtue compiled of poverty, helplessness, and remoteness from worldly success—a mass of mute, suppressed idealists languishing beneath the boot of the German captor." The real

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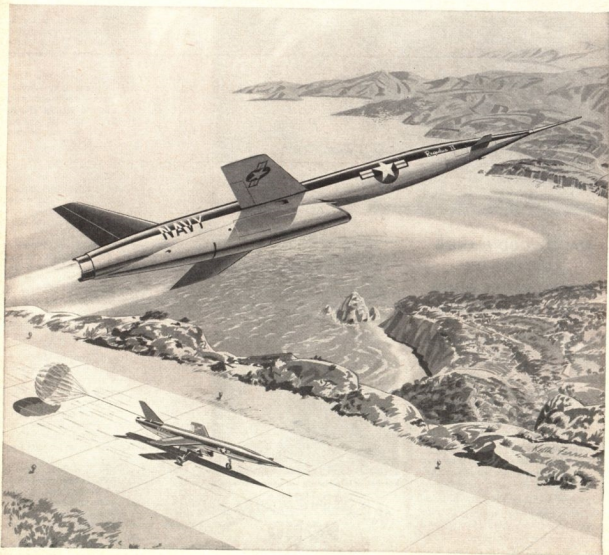
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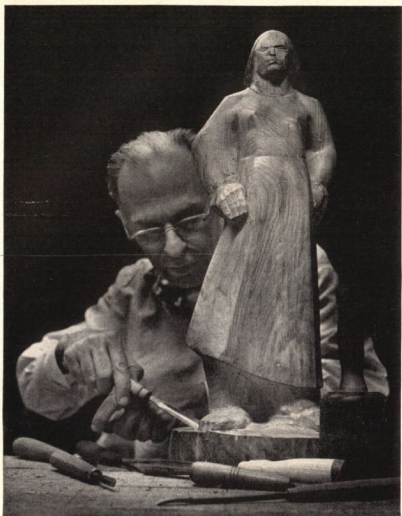
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MISCELLANY

Reduced Thoroughfare. In Alhambra, Calif., homeowners in a growing subdivision—expecting the name "Viscount" for their new street—complained when signs reading "Discount Street" were put up.

Star Boarder. In Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., jailers kept a special eye on new Convict (for robbery) Arthur Lariviere, who, as "The Great Adano" once won bookings with a circus as a result of a stunt escape from the Sault Ste. Marie jail.

Manifold Pressures. In Columbus, Ohio, a TWA Constellation made an unscheduled landing, and police took Flight Engineer Eugene Manning to a hospital, where, after 24 uncertain hours, the trouble was diagnosed as air sickness.

Wristy Business. In Richmond, a thief broke into the home of Policeman Bernard J. Davis, made off with a set of handcuffs.

Dead Letters. In Caldwell, Kans., six new refuse containers were repainted to read "Trash" instead of "Litter" after citizens insisted on posting mail in them.

Man's Woman. In Springfield, Ohio, Marjorie June Flax drew many admiring male glances in a packed courtroom when she dropped assault-and-battery charges against her husband, said: "It was my fault; if I'd kept my big mouth shut, it wouldn't have happened."

Picket. In Ardmore, Okla., State Trooper Paul Clark was waved down by a man at the side of the road who got himself arrested when he stuck his head in the window, warned: "Hey, the highway cops are working a radar trap over the hill."

Audience Participation. In Chicago, as Busoni's *Sonata No. 2* reached the last groove and began to swish round and round unattended, anxious listeners (to highbrow radio station WFMT) called the studio, got no answer, notified the police, who rushed to the studio, found Disk Jockey Omar Sharpi, 27, bent over a desk, sound asleep.

Right the Second Time. In Milwaukee, Mrs. Marion Murphy, 32, outraged when a cop stopped her for doing 40 in a 30-m.p.h. zone, jumped behind the wheel again, took off so fast that tire-sprayed gravel broke a squad car headlight, accelerated to 50 in a 25-m.p.h. zone, told the officer when stopped again: "Now you have something to arrest me for."

And a Partridge in a Pear Tree. In Leeds, England, police were trying to locate Jail Escapee Terence Cutts, 29, who has a flag and an eagle tattooed on his left arm, a heart, a woman's figure and the names "Rose" and "Ruth" on his right arm, a flag and an anchor on the back of his right hand, bluebirds on both thumbs.



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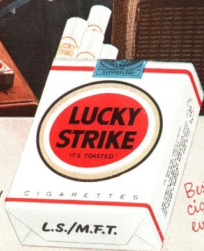
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